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A

NARRATIVE

OF THE

SUFFERINGS

OF

(white)

MASSY HARBISON, b. 1770

FROM

INDIAN BARBARITY,

GIVING AN ACCOUNT OF HER CAPTIVITY, THE MURDER OF HER TWO CHILDREN, HER ESCAPE, WITH AN INFANT AT HER BREAST,

COMMUNICATED BY HERSELF;

TOGETHER WITH

Some account of the History, Laws, Religion, Wars, and Cruelties of the Indians, particularly in this Western Country.

FOURTH EDITION, MUCH ENLARGED.

EDITED BY JOHN WINTER.

BEAVER:
PRINTED BY WM. HENRY.

1836.

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TO THE READER.

In being the instrument of presenting to the public the following narrative, the Editor was influenced by several considerations, some of which he may be permitted to mention to the public. The repeated solicitations of a *poor widow*, who, in the first settlement of this western country, acted the noble part of a pioneer, and encountered those numerous privations, hardships and sufferings, which are related within; and many more, which, from their nature, will not admit of being recorded.—The firm conviction that the sufferings herein recorded are *true*, notwithstanding their singular nature, and almost incredible magnitude: for he has made it his business to converse with many, who are now alive, who were eye and ear witnesses of many of the scenes here related by the widow. And, whenever, from the nature of the circumstances in which she was placed, the facts could be corroberated, they have been attested as true, from multitudes of indubitable veracity. Her captivity, the murder of her two children, the length of time she was in captivity, and her almost miraculous escape from Indian barbarity, are facts well known to hundreds yet alive.—And although we cannot substantiate by any one, the peculiar privations she underwent while a captive, and in her escape; yet we know that "the tender mercies of the wicked are cruel," and, that when she came in from captivity, her emaciated and haggard look, her wretched and helpless condition, and her sun-burnt and mangled body, gave full evidence, that her sufferings had been equal, or, even superior to her tale of sorrow.

Her escape from captivity, with an *infant at her breast*, is a circumstance, so far as I can learn, that is without a parallel, in all the *heroic achievements of women*, during the savage

warfare in the western country. The vigilance of the savages over their prisoners was so great, that it was found almost impossible to escape from them; and if by possibility any escaped from them, their search was so strict, so long protracted, and so industriously kept up, that it was with the utmost difficulty men of the most robust constitution, active perseverance, and possessing the most minute acquaintance with the wilderness, were able finally to escape.

Such deeds of valor, suffering, and privation, ought to be recorded, that our sons and daughters, and future generations, may know what was endured by those who first braved the dangers of the wilderness, exposing themselves to the scalping knife and tomahawk, that they might turn the barren land into a fruitful field; and that hence posterity might learn the obligation and gratitude which they owe to their ancestors, and properly to appreciate the inestimable privileges transmitted to them, and hence be concerned to transmit the same blessing to their posterity unimpaired.

There is a time coming, too, when the *aborigines* of this country will excite much more attention than at present; and when every thing relative to their character, mode of life, exploits, warfare, and savage cruelty, will be sought after with extreme avidity. It is, therefore, of importance that those acts, which illustrate their distinctive character, should be preserved from being buried in forgetfulness, that when their savage mode of life shall be destroyed, and they amalgamated with civilized society, shall cultivate the arts, commerce, and religion, their original condition should be remembered, their character be delineated, and their improvement and felicity be accurately traced.

The Editor might have presented to the public many certificates of respectable citizens, attesting to the veracity of the facts narrated by the widow, if he had judged it necessary to substantiate them.

But he considers that the things are told in such a manner, that they carry the evidence of their truth with them, and that they are of *too peculiar a nature to be counterfeited*. And

with all those who are acqainted with Indian barbarity. the representations which are here made, will be easily believed.

In a communication which was made to the Editor by *Mr. John Clough*, one of the Pioneers in the civilization and cultivation of this western wilderness, and which will be found in a subsequent part of this work, he says, "I saw *Mrs. Harbison* when she was taken into Pittsburg, immediately after her return from her captivity, that she might give in her deposition before a magistrate, and remember that she was in a deplorable and mangled condition. I assisted in pushing her up the Allegheny River, to Coe's station, about 16 miles above Pittsburgh, in a canoe, as she was then unable to walk herself."

To the above I shall add a communication which I have received from the venerable patriot and pioneer of the western country, *Robert Scott, Esquire*, of the borough of Butler.

The Certificate of Robert Scott, Esquire.

I certify, to all whom it may concern, that in the year 1790, I became acquainted with Mrs. *Massy Harbison*, the author of the ensuing "Narrative." I have also examined the facts which are set forth in her "narrative," and can attest that there are a number of them which I know to be facts, namely, those relating to the parts of families killed and wounded on the banks of the Allegheny River, above the mouth of Bull Creek. Also the attack made upon the Block House at Reed's Station; and of Mrs. Harbison's being taken prisoner at the same time; and of her children being killed by the Indians. These are facts, for I saw one of her children the next day after it had been scalped and murdered in a most barbarous manner; and I know that another of her children was found upon the Island, after her return, murdered and scalped, and was buried upon the Island, according to her statement; and she herself was missing for several days, after she was taken prisoner by the Indians, before she came to the Allegheny River.

As to her account of Mr. *Hugh Mellon's* and Mr. *Thomas Field's* families, this is also true, as well as her account of *Bartholemew Garvey*. I was one of the first white men who saw him after he was killed. I also was one that pursued the Indi-

ans who killed him. The account, also, which she gives of *David M'Kee*, is also a fact, but she is mistaken in the year in which it happened. To the best of my recollection, it was in the year 1793 that David M'Kee was killed. I was in company with him about half an hour before he was killed.

Besides those above related, there are a number of other circumstances which she states as having taken place during the war, which to my own knowledge I can attest to be true. As to her own sufferings, and way of escape from the Indians, &c. in her reciting them, they have always been without any variation as to the facts. I heard her relate her story, respecting her escape, and her difficulties. a few days after she made her escape, and many times since then; and the account she gave, and now gives, does not vary in the least as to facts.

Given under my hand and seal, the 26th day of May, A. D. 1825.

ROBERT SCOTT. (SEAL.)

It was deemed requisite to insert in the narrative, the official account of the defeat of General St. Clair, because his campaign formed a prominent part of the history of this four years' war; and because this narrative itself would not have been complete without it. The few selections which have been made from published documents, have been made from books which are so seldom to be met with, that they may be new to the principal part of the readers of the narrative; and if they are not new, they are of such a nature as always to give interest. Add to this the facts, that the *youths* of our happy country cannot have too many, or too frequent opportunities, of reading the toils and hardships, the dangers and enemies, which their fathers had to endure before they were able to transmit to them to the blessings which they enjoy, in order to make them duly to value their privileges, as well as to exercise gratitude to their benefactors.

J. W.

Zelienople, Nov. 4th.

Preface to the Fourth Edition.

The same motives which prompted the Editor of the affecting and interesting narrative of widow Harbison, to write the first Edition, from her lips, and to assist in presenting it to the public without any remuneration for his labor, has again prompted him to revise the work; to obtain fresh evidence of its truth; and to enlarge it considerably, by giving some account of the manners, customs, wars and subjugations of the Indians. Most of the certificates hereby presented to the public, have been given to attest the truth of the narrative, by old and respectable men, under all the sanctity of an oath. All of them have been given by unimpeached and unimpeachable witnesses, who were well acquainted with the circumstances detailed, and active agents in the scenes referred to, and who have no interest but truth to answer in their developements.

These fresh testimonies are here added to remove all scepticism relative to the narrative itself, and to induce those whose duty it is to help the *poor widow in her indigent circumstances*, to act according to their obligations, while at the same time it affords them incontestible evidence of the genuine claims which she has upon their attention and the public bounty.

—***—

To the Honorable, the Senate and House of Represenatives, in General Assembly met.

The petition of Massy Harbison respectfully represents—That your petitioner was married to John Harbison in the year 1787, in Washington County, Pennsylvania. In the year 1789 my husband and I removed to the Allegheny river, near Reed's station; about four miles and a half below where Freeport now stands. In the year 1791, in March, my husband enlisted under Captain John Guthrie, and marched out under

the command of General St. Clair, in Major Clark's battallion, to the Miami. During the period of my husband's enlistment, which was six months, although out nearly nine, I remained at Reed's station, washing and working for the scouts, until my husband returned, wounded in the body. My husband having recovered from the wound, was in March following, engaged as a spy, and continued as such until Wayne's treaty with the Indians, on the 22d of May, 1792. During my husband's absence on a scouting party, a party of Indians came to my house and destroyed every thing they could not carry; killed two cows; took away two horses, and killed my second child, three years of age, by stabbing and scalping it in my presence. They then beat me in a barbarous and inhuman manner, and took me and my two remaining children across the river to the island at Freeport. Then in addition to my former misery, they scalped my oldest child, a boy, five years of age, on the shore, close by where I was standing.

They then, under wounds and bruises, compelled me to walk with my youngest child on my breast, to the Connequenessing, in Butler county, near where the Borrough of Butler now stands. Here they kept me until the morning of the second day. A short time before day break, when finding those who were guarding me asleep, I made my escape with my child. I travelled during the whole day without food, and lay at the root of a tree all night. In the morning I started again and travelled until dark, when hearing some person coming after me, I hid in a tree top. I remained during four days without food, when I arrived at the six mile island, above Fort Pitt.—On the following day I was taken to Fort Pitt, and made affidavit of my sufferings, before Squire Wilkins, which was published in the newspapers. At that time my husband having heard that I was at Pittsburgh, came for me, and brought me up to Coe's station. As soon as I had recovered from the wounds and sufferings I endured, I commenced washing and cooking for the soldiers again, and there I remained until 1795, when the country became settled. We then settled on Bull creek, where we resided for a number of years. We then removed to Buffalo creek, Armstrong county, where we lived until 1822, when my husband died, leaving me in very straitened circumstances indeed, although at that time I was able to work and support myself; but age, and the fatigues and hardships of younger days have rendered nature so frail at sixty-five years of age, as to appeal to your Honorable bodies for a support hereafter; and trust that although I have not shouldered a musket, yet, that my services and sufferings will draw

forth the feelings of your Honors, and render the eve of my life free from penury. As there is a more detailed account of facts given in the small book which is published, I would refer your Honorable bodies thereto,

Granting relief to an old soldier's widow, in needy circumstances, will much serve,

Your obedient servant,

her

MASSY ✕ HARBISON.

mark.

Armstrong County, ss.

Personally appeared before me, the subscriber, a Justice of the Peace, in and for said county, Massy Harbison, who, being duly sworn, saith that the facts set forth in the foregoing petition are true.

Sworn to and subscribed, this 10th of January, 1835. DAVID JOHNSTON.

her

MASSY ✕ HARBISON.

mark.

Armstrong County, ss.

The Commonwealth of Pennsylvania.

Before me, a Justice of the Peace, in and for the county aforesaid, personally came, John Reed, of Westmoreland county, and State aforesaid; and after being duly sworn, saith that he was acquainted with John Harbison, the husband of Massy Harbison, first in the year 1789—that, in the year 1791, he marched to the Miami, under Gen. St. Clair—was wounded—returned to Reed's station, on the Allegheny River, near Freeport—entered the service of the State as a spy, 1792—and served in the last mentioned capacity until the year 1795, inclusive.—That the present applicant, Massy Harbison, was the wife of John Harbison, during the time I was acquainted with him, and is now his widow—and that the said John Harbison, is a number of years dead—that his wife, Massy Harbison, was taken prisoner by the Indians, and her children murdered, I know from general report, being absent in Kentucky at that time. John Harbison was an honest, efficient and faithful spy. I have been frequently in his company when he was acting in that capacity. I, also, knew Massy Harbison, at Reed's station, after I returned from Kentucky, in the capacity of a cook, wash-woman, &c. for the spies.

Sworn and subscribed this 3d. day of January, 1835. W. W. GIBSON.

JOHN REED.

Armstrong County, ss.

Before me, a Justice of the Peace, in, and for said county, personally came John Craig, Esq., who being duly sworn, saith, that, he became acquainted with John Harbison, the husband of Massy Harbison, in the year 1793, and onwards till he left this country—that he served as a spy under my command, during the year 1793. I considered John Harbison as an honest, faithful and efficient spy—that the present applicant Massy Harbison, was the reputed wife of John Harbison, and is now his widow; and who is now, as I believe, in indigent circumstances.

Sworn and subscribed, this 3d. day of January, 1835. W. W. GIBSON. } JOHN CRAIG.

Armstrong County, ss.

Before me, the subscriber, a Justice of the Peace, in, and for the aforesaid county, personally came Stephen Mahaffey, who being duly sworn, saith, that he first became acquainted with John Harbison, the husband of the present applicant, in the year 1792, in the month of August, of that year. He was a spy for," and during the years of 1792 and '93. I, also, know that he was appointed a spy for 1794. I considered John Harbison as diligent, honest and faithful a spy as I ever knew.—I served in that capacity with him.—We were associates.—And that the present applicant was the wife of John Harbison, and is now his widow—and is now in very low pecuniary circumstances, and unable to work for a living. I, also, know that she cooked, washed, &c. for the spies, when myself and her husband were in that service. That she was taken prisoner by the Indians—had two children murdered by them, &c., I know from general report, not being present at that time, but believe the fact. I, also, know from report, that he was in St. Clair's defeat, on the Miami, and was wounded—I frequently saw the mark of his wound.

Sworn and subscribed this 3d. day of January, 1835. W. W. GIBSON. } STEPHEN MAHAFFEY.

Armstrong County, ss.

Before me a Justice of the Peace, in and for the county aforesaid, personally came, Capt. Samuel Murphy, who, being duly sworn, saith, that he first became acquainted with John Harbison, the husband of the present applicant, Massy Harbison,

in the year 1792, in March. I know from report, that he was a spy in the service of the State. I knew him from that time until he left this country. I, also, know that the applicant, Massy Harbison, was taken prisoner by the Indians, from Reed's station, in May, 1792—I arrived there the same evening of the day that she was taken—I saw one of the children that had been killed and scalped. I, also, know from report, that John Harbison, was in St. Clair's defeat, and was wounded.

I considered John Harbison a good, honest and efficient spy —that the present applicant was the deputed wife of John Harbison, and is now his widow—that she is now in low circumstances, and unable to work for a living—Harbison was under my command.

Sworn and subscribed this 3d. day of January, 1835. W. W. GIBSON. } SAMUEL MURPHY.

State of Pennsylvania, Armstrong County, ss.

I, Frederick Rohrer, Prothonotary of the Court of Common Pleas, in and for said county, do hereby certify, that David Johnston and William W. Gibson, Esqrs., before whom the foregoing depositions of John Reed, John Craig, Stephen Mahaffey, Samuel Murphy, and the petition of Massy Harbison were taken, were, at the time, acting Justices of the Peace in said county; duly commissioned by the proper authority of said Commonwealth, and qualified to act as such; to whose acts, as such, full faith and confidence should be given.

In testimony, whereof, I have set my hand, and affixed the seal of said court, at Kittanning, this 10th day of January, A. D. 1835.

FRED'K. ROHRER, *Proth'y.*

We, Robert Orr, Associate Judge of the Court of Common Pleas of the county of Armstrong, in the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, and Frederick Rohrer, Prothonotary of the same court, do hereby certify that we are intimately and personally acquainted with John Craig, Esq., Stephen Mahaffey and Samuel Murphy, whose names are attached to the foregoing depositions, and that they are men of good repute and character, for truth and veracity. We have known them many years.

Witness our hands, at Kittanning, this 12th of January, 1835.

ROBERT ORR,
FRED'K. ROHRER.

Also, John Reed, of Westmoreland county, whose name is attached to a deposition, proving the services of John Harbison, and of the Captivity and sufferings of Massy Harbison, &c. I have been well acquainted with him for many years, and the said Mr. Reed sustains the character of an honest and respectable man.—Kittanning, January 12th, 1835.

ROBERT ORR.

This is to certify, that in the latter part of May, or the first of June, of 1792, I was at Nigley's Run on the Allegheny river, carrying provisions to the different stations, at the time Mrs. Harbison was taken prisoner, at Reed's station; and that she made her escape, and was present when she returned, with her child—saw the condition that she was in—she had the appearance of much fatigue and hardship, from being torn with briars, thorns, &c.; and will furrher say, that, from her well known character, for truth and veracity at the time, that no person doubted the history she gave of her sufferings, and almost miraculous escape from the savages.—Youngstown, Nov. 11th, 1835.

JAMES HILLMAN.

Joseph McKenzie deposeth and saith, that he enlisted in Capt. Smith's company of Rangers, stationed at Coe's station, on the Allegheny river, in 1792—continued a part of the time under Smith, and served the remainder of the time under Capt. Stevenson, until discharged, at Pittsburgh. That, while in service, I became acquainted with John Harbison, who was at that time, a regular spy—was a good, faithful and useful spy—one, in every respect, true to his country, and to the best interests of the settlement. I, also, was personally acquainted with Mrs. Massy Harbison, the present widow of John Harbison, deceased, and saw her two or three days after her wonderful escape from the Indians, when she had returned from giving her deposition at Pittsburgh, before Esquire Wilkins.—At that time her feet, and legs were in a dreadfully mangled condition, and she was unable to walk. One of her children, I understood, was killed at Reed's station, by a small cabin a little from the station, and another was killed on an island, below the Kiskeminetas; and after Mrs. Harbison came in, Ensign Murphy, of Capt. Guthrie's company, with a scout went out, found, and buried the child. I was out on the big scout that went to find the camp from which Mrs. Harbison had es-

caped, on the Connequenessing, near where Butler now stands, and we found the place as she had described it; but found that the Indians had scattered in all directions, so that after 12 days of scouting, we returned, without meeting with any Indians. Mrs. Harbison lived at the station after her return—they had lost their horses and all their goods—she used to cook, wash, &c for the men—was a useful, industrious woman. And further deponent saith not.—Beaver, November 10th, 1835.

JOSEPH McKENZIE.

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The materials with which the work has been enlarged, have all been drawn from the most authentic sources. But the Editor, while he would acknowledge his obligation to the present worthy Editor of the Pittsburgh Gazette, for favoring him with an old imperfect file, of that Western Pioneer newspaper, from 1785 to '90, and from '93 to '97, inclusive; deeply regrets, that he was unable to procure a file of the same venerable relic, for 1791 and '92. However, from those which he has obtained, he has procured, and embodied much valuable information, relating to the border wars, and those important operations, which resulted in the peace, and which has so much contributed to the prosperity, of this western country.

If, by his efforts, the Editor shall have succeeded in awakening the sympathies of the public towards the widow, shall have presented an interesting narrative of events, to engage the attention, and awaken the gratitude of the privileged youth of our now happy, and prosperous country, and shall have engaged their affection, so as to induce them, to preserve unimpaired to their posterity, our own invaluable blessings, then his labors will have received an ample reward.

JOHN WINTER.

Bridgewater, Nov. 1835.

NARRATIVE, &c.

CHAPTER I.

Birth, removal from New Jersey, marriage, &c.

In consequence of the solicitations of a great number of my friends, who have been made acquainted with my sufferings from Indian barbarity; and in compliance with the request of many of those who were witnesses of the scenes here recorded, I have come to the determination of presenting a narrative of my sufferings, &c. before an enlightened, and feeling public: being conscious they will sympathize with a *woman*, who endured so many privations and trials in the first settlement of this *now* happy country;—feel grateful for the repose and felicity which they now enjoy, through the labor and privations of those who preceded them;—and most willingly patronize a poor widow, who is left to provide for her family through her own industry.

I shall begin my narrative with a short account of my birth, parentage, removal to the western country, and marriage. I was born in Amwell township, Somerset county, New Jersey, on the 18th of March, 1770. In the days of my childhood, I was an eye and ear witness, of some of those struggles which were endured for our independence and liberty. At the battles of Long Island, Trenton, and Monmouth, I heard the roaring of the cannon, and the din of war. And when our Revolutionary Heroes were engaged in mortal combat with the enemies of our country at Westfield, I witnessed the bloody scene: for on that day I was at school near where the conflict took place, and upon the commencement of the battle, we left the school, ascended an eminence, which commanded a view of the field of battle, where we could hear the word of command given by the officers,

and see the movements of the troops, until the smoke enveloped them.

My father, whose name was Edward White, was a soldier of the Revolution, was for three years during our Revolutionary struggle contractor for the army, and was in every battle, but of Long Island. Animated by a love of liberty, and a hope of enjoying it, he engaged in this ardous struggle, and had the felicity of realizing the accomplishment of his desires, in the overthrow of our enemies. After the establishment of peace, my father and family moved from New Jersey to the Western parts of Pennsylvania, on the Monongahela River, to a place that was then called Redstone-fort, where Brownsville now stands. This took place in the year 1783, and in that place I lived with my father till the year '87, when I was married to John Harbison. My marriage incurred the displeasure of my father. Two years elapsed while I lived near him; at last finding that his displeasure did not abate, I moved with my husband to the banks of the Allegheny. We settled on the head waters of Chartier's Creek, where from 1789 to '91 we did extremely well, and had a prospect of continuing to do well, but the breaking out of the Indian war, in March 1791, blasted all our prospects, and the consequences of that war bereft us of all we possessed. So passes the fleeting enjoyments of the present life.

CHAPTER II.

The commencement of hostilities, in 1790, *&c.*

The savages, who had been persuaded to take a part with Great Britain, during our struggle for independence, we were unwilling, when peace was restored, to bury the bloody tomahawk—they had not sufficiently bathed that murderous weapon in the blood of the Americans; hence they continued to exercise towards them the most wanton acts of barbarity, without the smallest pretext. It appears from the most indubitable testimony, that from

1783, when peace was made, to October, 1790, when the United States commenced offensive operations against them, that on the Ohio and the frontiers, the Indians killed, wounded, and took prisoners about 1500 men, women and children; besides taking away 2000 horses, and a large quantity of other property. The particulars of many of the acts of barbarity, although supported by indisputable evidence, are of too shocking a nature to be presented to the public. These cruelties were inflicted upon prisoners of different ages and sexes, and it is sufficient here to observe, that the scalping-knife, and tomahawk were the mildest instruments of death, which were employed; in many cases torture by fire, and other execrable means were used.

The inhabitants of the frontiers on the banks of the Allegheny, during the year 1790, enjoyed repose, though many inhuman acts of barbarity were perpetrated on the frontiers by the savages, on the south side of the Ohio; to detail which, would be too tedious and disgusting, as well as swell the narrative beyond our intended limits.

The first act of Indian aggression and cruelty, which took place on the banks of the Allegheny, in 1791, was the attack which the Savages made upon the house of Mr. Thomas Dick, living below the mouth of Deer Creek. This attack was made on the 18th of March 1791. Mr. Dick and his wife were made prisoners, and a young man who was living with them was killed and scalped, and a considerable number of horses were stolen. Mr. Dick and his wife, tho' they were the subjects of those cruelties which were to be endured by those who were so miserable as to fall into the hands of these barbarians, yet, had their lives spared them, and at the termination of four years, when peace was restored, through the victory which General Wayne obtained over the Indians, they obtained their liberty again, with nearly 400 more.

On the night of the 22d of March, that is four days after the preceding act, seven Indians came into the house of Mr. Abraham Russ, who lived about two miles above the mouth of Bull Creek, and twenty-three miles

from Pittsburgh, on the Allegheny river, in a friendly manner, leaving their rifles at the door, (a well known token of Indian friendship) and solicited their supper.—Their request was complied with, and supper was procured for them, and they sat down and supped. When they had supped, one of the Savages went and placed himself against the door, to prevent any of the family from escaping, while the rest with their instruments of death, (the tomahawk) began an indiscriminate murder of the inhabitants of the house, who had just treated them with so much hospitality. They succeeded in their diabolical project, so far as to tomahawk and scalp four men, old Mrs. Russ, the mother of Mr. Russ, and six children; then plundered what they pleased from the house, and burnt the dead bodies with the buildings.

Mrs. Dary, daughter of old Mrs. Russ, stood and endured the appalling and heart-reuding sight of an Indian's taking her own child of eighteen months old, and knocking its brains out against the head of her mother, by which means her mother was also killed. Thus by one inhuman act of barbarity, she was deprived of a mother and a child! When she beheld this, she made to the door, to attempt an escape herself; then one of the Indians struck a blow at her head, with his tomahawk; but she raised her left arm, and averted the blow, so that the end of the tomahawk only cut her cheek.—She succeeded in getting to the door, and in pulling it to pieces, being made only of clapboards, by which means she made her escape, and left an open passage for those who were able to follow her. Three of her daughters then made their escape by following her.—Mrs. Dary, sister-in-law to young Mrs. Russ, then made her escape, and three of her daughters with her. Agnes Clark had the felicity of escaping with two children, and Catharine Cutwright also escaped with them, having lost her husband and son.

John Dary, a lad of thirteen or fourteen years of age, a son of Mr. Jacob Dary and Mrs. Dary, who was the proprietor of the house, but who was from home when

this melancholy catastrophe took place, who escaped, when he saw the manner of the Indians at supper, suspecting that all was not right, privately escaped from the house, and hid himself in a hollow tree, where he remained till the next morning, when he removed to a hole in some rocks, on Little Bull Creek; in this situation he remained till the third day, when he was frightened from his retreat by a wolf; and Jacob, a younger brother of six years of age, escaped from the house during the bloody conflict, and hid himself under a log, and covered himself over with leaves. While he was there secreted, the Indians repeatedly came upon the log, with fire in their hands, in quest of those who had escaped; but he was mercifully preserved, by an over-ruling Providence, from falling a prey to their cruelty.

The women and children who had escaped, hastened to the river, when they called so as to be heard a mile and a half; and Levi Johnson, son-in-law to Mrs. Russ, ventured, at the hazard of his life, to cross the river in a canoe for them, by which means seventeen persons were preserved from falling a prey to these monsters. The night was very frosty and severe, and those who had thus crossed the river, had to run nine miles, many of them nearly naked, without shoes to their feet, and through the woods for a place of shelter.—By the time they came to a place where they felt any way secure, Mrs. Dary was nearly exhausted with the loss of blood, from the wound she received in the face, in her forcing a passage out of the house.

The tidings of this melancholy and heart-sickening event, spread with great rapidity through the country.—It was brought to me and to seven or eight families beside, within a mile of the Allegheny and Kiskiminetas, by Messrs. William Critchlow and Samuel Orr, about 11 o'clock at night. By this intelligence I was greatly alarmed and agitated for an hour, when we had packed up all we were able to carry with us, and were ready to start. I then mounted on a horse, with one child in my arms, and another, about four years old, tied on behind me, to prevent him from falling off; and I was within

two months of being confined with a third. We travelled about seven miles, to Mr. James Paul's of Pine Run, where we arrived about day break.

By the time the sun rose, there were between 70 and 80 women and children collected to this retreat; and all the men (four excepted) had left us to pursue the Indians. —The pursuers first went to the place where the awful massacre had taken place; there they found the smell which proceeded from the burning of the dead bodies, to be so awfully offensive, that they were scarcely able to endure it. From thence they proceeded a mile below the Kiskiminetas, on the Allegheny, and erected a block house, where, in two week's time, all the families who had fled from our neighborhood returned, and remained during the summer.

My husband, John Harbison, then enlisted in the six months service, in a corps raised by Captain Guthrie, and proceeded to the Miami Village, under the command of General Arthur St. Clair, and was in the fatal engagement, in which the Indian savages so completely outgeneraled and defeated General St. Clair. My husband left me, for this expedition, at the above mentioned block house, which had received the name of Reed's Station, with three helpless children, and came partially among strangers on the 3d of August.—And he did not return till the 24th of December, when he came home wounded. The wound he received in the fatal battle on the 4th day of November, when General St. Clair was defeated.

On the 6th of November, two days after the above engagement, the Indians attacked David M'Kee and another young man, at a fish basket, on the river, seven miles from the Station, and most brutally massacred and scalped them. This was the last act of savage barbarity perpetrated on the banks of the Allegheny this season.

CHAPTER III.

ST. CLAIR'S DEFEAT.

The following message from the President of the United States, to Congress, was presented by his Secretary, Mr. Lear.

UNITED STATES, Dec. 12, 1791.

Gentlemen of the Senate,
and of the House of Representatives:

It is with great concern that I communicate to you the information received from Major General St. Clair, of the misfortune that has befallen the troops under his command.

Although the national loss is considerable, according to the scale of the event, yet it may be repaired without great difficulty, excepting as to the brave men who have fallen on the occasion, and who are a subject of public as well as of private regret.

A further communication will shortly be made, of all such matters as shall be necessary, to enable the legislature to judge of the future measures which it may be proper to pursue. GEO. WASHINGTON.

FORT WASHINGTON, Oct. 6th, 1791.

SIR—I have now the satisfaction to inform you, that the army moved from Fort Hamilton, the name I have given to the fort on the Miami, on the 4th, at eight in the morning, under the command of General Butler.—The order of march and encampment I had regulated before, and on the third returned to this place to get up the militia. They marched yesterday, and consist of about three hundred men, as you will see by the enclosed abstract of the muster. I have reason to believe, however, that at least an equal number will be up here by the 10th, and I have left orders for their following us. The monthly return should have accompanied this letter, but it was not ready when I left camp, and has not been forwarded since. I have hitherto found it impos-

sible to reduce the officers commanding corps to punctuality with respect to their returns, but they are mending. Our numbers, after deducting the garrisons of this place and Fort Hamilton, are about two thousand, exclusive of militia. I trust I shall find the rest of the militia come on, it would make the matter pretty certain. But the season is now so far advanced, that I fear the intermediate posts, which, indeed, would have been highly necessary, it will be impossible to establish: in that, however, I must be governed by circumstances, of which I will take care that you be apprized in due time. Should the enemy come to meet us, which seems to be expected, and be discomfited, there will be no difficulties: but if they expect us at the Miami Villages, the business will wear another face, and the intermediate posts, become more essential.

Since the quarter master has been here, and got into his gears, which it took him a little time to do, I am very well satisfied with him, and do believe he will answer the description which you were pleased to give of him: his business seems now to be well arranged.

In order to communicate with some degree of certainty with our office, I have directed Captain Buel, when he arrives, to send a sergeant and twelve men to a house that has been newly erected, half way between this place and Lexington, to each of which two men are to be sent off on every Monday morning to carry despatches. Those for the war office, or any other public letters, to be put into the hands of Mr. Charles Wilkins, merchant of Lexington, who has engaged to forward all I have occasion to send, regularly once a week: and should you Sir, think proper to use the same route for any of yours, if they are sent to his care, he will forward them to me. I have been led to prefer this channel of communication to that of the river, because it appears to be the rather the more certain of the two, though it may be a little more tedious, and because desertion continues to prevail among the troops, and the sending of small parties to such a distance gives great opportunity to effect it. General Butler informs me that no less

than twenty-one went off the night before the army moved from Hamilton.

I am at this moment setting out for the army, which I hope to overtake to-morrow evening, and will write to you again as soon as may be.

With great regard and respect,
I have the honor to be,
Sir, your very humble servant,
ARTHUR ST. CLAIR.

To the Hon. Maj. Gen. Knox,
Secretary of War.

Camp, 81 miles advanced of Fort Washington, Nov. 1, 1791.

Sir,—Since I had the honor to write to you on the 21st ult, nothing very material has happened, and indeed I am at present so unwell, and have been so for some time past, that I could ill detail it, if it had happened—not that *that* space of time has been entirely barren of incidents, but as few of them have been of the agreeable kind, I beg you to accept a sort of journal account of them, which will be the easiest for me.

On the 22d the indisposition that had hung about me for some time, sometimes appearing as a billious cholic, and sometimes as a rheumatic asthma, to my great satisfaction, changed to a gout in the left arm and hand, leaving the breast and stomach perfectly relieved, and the cough, which had been excessive, entirely gone.—This day Mr. Ellis, with sixty militia from Kentucky, joined the army, and brought up a quantity of flour and beef.

23d. Two men taken in the act of deserting to the enemy, and one for shooting another soldier, and threatening to kill an officer, were hanged upon the grand parade, the whole army being drawn out. Since the army has halted, the country around this, and ahead for fifteen miles, has been examined; it is a country, which had we arrived a month sooner in it, and with three times the number of animals, they would have been all fat now.

24th. Named the fort JEFFERSON, (it lies in lat. 40° 4′ 22″ N.) and marched, the same Indian path serving to conduct us, about six miles, and encamped on good ground and an excellent position. A rivulet in front, and a very large prairie which would at a proper season afford forage for a thousand horses, on the left. So ill this day that I had much difficulty in keeping with the army.

25th. Very hard rains last night; obliged to halt today, on account of provisions; for though the soldiery may be kept pretty easy in camp under the expectation of provisions arriving, they cannot bear to march in advance and take none along with them. Received a letter from Mr. Hodgdon by express; 13000lbs. flour will arrive the 27th.

26th. A party of militia, sent to reconnoitre, fell in with five Indians, and suffered them to slip through their fingers in their camp; articles to the value of twenty-two dollars were found and divided—The Virginia battalion is melting down very fast, notwithstanding the promises of the men to the officers; 13 have been discharged by Col. Drake to-day.

27th. Gave orders for enlisting the levies, with the condition of serving out their time in the present corps. Payomingo arrived in the camp with his warriors. I was so unwell, could only see and bid him welcome, but entered upon no business—considerable dissatisfaction among the levies about their enlistments.

28th. Some clothing sent to Fort Washington for the recruits, arrived, was begun to be distributed, and will have a good effect; but the enlisting the levies does not meet with the encouragement that might have been expected—it is not openly complained of by the officers, but it is certainly privately, by some of high rank, and the measure of tempting them with warm clothing condemned. Mr. Hodgdon writes me that he is sending forward a quantity of woollen overalls and socks, by General Butler's orders—I have ordered them to be deposited at Fort Jefferson. Some few Indians about us, probably those the malitia fell in with a day or two ago—two of the levies were fired upon about three miles off, one killed; two

of the militia likewise, one of them got in and the other missing, supposed to be taken.

29th. Payomingo and his people, accompanied by captain Sparks and four good riflemen, gone on a scout; they do not purpose to return under ten days, unless they sooner succeed in taking prisoners.

30th. The army moved about nine o'clock, and with much difficulty made seven miles, having left a considerable part of the tents by the way; the provision made by the quarter master was not adequate. Three days' flour issued to them. The Indian road still with us. The course this day N. 25. W.

31st. This morning about 60 of the militia deserted. It was at first reported, that one half of them had gone off, and that their design was to plunder the convoys which were upon the road. I detached the first regiment in pursuit of them, with orders to Major Hamtramck to send a sufficient guard back with Benham (a commissary) whenever he met with him, and follow them about twenty-five miles below Fort Jefferson, or until he met the second convoy, and then return and join the army. Benham arrived last night; and to-day, November 1st, the army is halted to give the road cutters an opportunity of getting some distance ahead, and that I might write to you. I am this day considerably recovered, and hope that it will turn out, what I first expected it would be, a friendly fit of the gout, come to relieve me from every other complaint.

Yesterday I was favored with yours of the 28th and 29th of Sept. I have enclosed my communications with the old and new contractors and their answers. My orders for the post to them are not definite; but they will be very soon. In the mean time, I expect they are both at work. With great respect,

I have the honor to be, Sir,

Your most obedient servant,

ARTHUR ST. CLAIR.

P. S. Your letters for General Wilkinson, and General Scott, Mr. Jones and Mr. Brown, are sent back, and the public thanks in the of name the president, presented

to General Wilkinson agreeably to your directions.

To the Hon. Major Gen. KNOX,
Secretary of War.

FORT WASHINGTON, Nov. 9, 1791.

SIR,

Yesterday afternoon the remains of the army under my command got back to this place, and I have now the painful task to give you an account of as warm and unfortunate an action as almost any that has been fought, in which every corps was engaged and worsted, except the first regiment, that had been detached upon a service I had the honor to inform you of in my last despatch, and had not joined me.

On the 3d instant the army had reached a creek about twelve yards wide, running to the southward of west, which I believe to have been the river of St. Mary, which empties itself into the Miami of the Lake, at the Miami village, about four o'clock in the afternoon, having marched about nine miles, and were immediately encamped upon a very commanding piece of ground, in two lines, having the above mentioned creek in front.—The right wing, composed of Butler's, Clarke's, and Patterson's battalions, commanded by Major General Butler, formed the first line, and the left wing consisted of Bedinger's and Gaither's battalions, and the second regiment, commanded by Lieut. Col. Clarke, formed the second line, with an interval between them of about seventy yards, which was all the ground would allow. The right flank was pretty well secured by the creek, a steep bank, and Faulkner's corps; some of the cavalry and their piquets covered the left flank. The militia were thrown over the creek, and advanced about one quarter of a mile, and encamped in the same order. There were a few Indians who appeared on the opposite side of the creek, but fled with the utmost precipitation on the advance of the militia. At this place, which I judged to be about fifteen miles from the Miami village, I had determined to throw up a slight work, the plan of which was concerted that evening with Major Ferguson, where-

in to have deposited the men's knapsacks, and every thing else that was not of absolute necessity, and to have moved on to attack the enemy as soon as the first regiment was come up; but they did not permit me to do either, for on the fourth, about half an hour before sunrise, and when the men had been just dismissed from the parade, (for it was a constant practice to have them under arms a considerable time before day-light,) an attack was made upon the militia—those gave way in a very little time, and rushed into camp through Major Butler's battalion, which, together with part of Clarke's, threw them into considerable disorder; which, notwithstanding the exertions of both, and their officers, was never altogether remedied, the Indians following close at their heels. The fire, however, of the first line checked them, but almost instantly a very heavy attack began upon that line, and in a few minutes it was extended to the second likewise; the great weight of it was directed against the centre of each, where the artillery was placed, and from which the men were repeatedly driven with great slaughter. Finding no great effect from our fire, and confusion beginning to spread, from the great number of men who were falling in all quarters, it became necessary to try what could be done by the bayonet. Lieutenant colonel Drake was accordingly ordered to make a charge with a part of the second line, and to turn the left flank of the enemy—this was executed with great spirit—the Indians instantly gave way, and were driven back three or four hundred yards; but for want of a sufficient number of riflemen to pursue this advantage, they soon returned, and the troops were obliged to give back in their turn. At this moment they had entered our camp by the left flank, having pushed back the troops that were posted there. Another charge was made here by the second regiment, Butler's and Clarke's battalions, with equal effect, and it was repeated several times and always with success; in all of them many men were lost, and particularly the officers, which, with so raw troops, was a loss altogether irremediable. In that just spoken of, made by the second regiment,

and Butler's battalion, major Butler was dangerously wounded, and every officer of the second regiment fell, except three, one of whom, Mr. Creaton, was shot through the body. Our artillery being now silenced, and all the officers killed except captain Ford, who was very badly wounded, and more than half the army fallen, being cut off from the road, it was necessary to attempt the regaining it, and to make a retreat if possible —to this purpose the remains of the army were formed as well as circumstances would admit, towards the right of the encampment, from which by the way of the second line another charge was made upon the enemy, as with the design to turn their right flank, but in fact to regain the road. This was effected, and as soon as it was open, the militia took along it, followed by the troops, Major Clarke with his battalion covering the rear. The retreat in these circumstances was, you may be sure, a very precipitate one—it was in fact a flight. The camp and the artillery were abandoned; but that was unavoidable; for not a horse was left alive to have drawn it off, had it otherwise been practicable. But the most disgraceful part of the business is, that the greatest part of the men threw away their arms and accoutrements, even after the pursuit (which continued about four miles) had ceased. I found the road strewed with them for many miles, but was not able to remedy it; for having had all my horses killed, and being mounted on one that could not be pricked out of a walk, I could not get forward myself; and the orders I sent forward, either to halt the front, or to prevent the men from parting with their arms, were unattended to.

The route continued quite to Fort Jefferson, 29 miles, which was reached at a little after sun-setting.

The action began about half an hour before sun-rise, and the retreat was attempted half an hour after nine o'clock.

I have not yet been able to get returns of the killed and wounded; but major general Butler, lieut. col. Oldham of the militia, majors Ferguson, Heart, and Clarke, are among the former. Col. Sergeant, my adjutant gen-

eral, lieut. col. Drake; lieut. col. Gibson, major Butler, and the viscount Malartie, who served me as an aid-de-camp, are among the latter, and a great number of subalterns in both.

I have now sir, finished my melancholy tale—a tale that will be felt sensibly by every one that has sympathy for private distress or public misfortune.

I have nothing, sir, to lay to the charge of the troops, but their want of discipline, which from the short time they had been in service it was impossible they should have acquired, and which rendered it very difficult, when they fell into confusion, to reduce them again to order, and is one reason why the loss has fallen so heavy upon the officers who did every thing in their power to effect it; neither were my own exertions wanting, but worn down with illness, and suffering under a painful disease, unable to mount or dismount a horse without assistance, they were not so great as they otherwise would, and perhaps ought to have been.—We were overpowered by numbers; but it is no more than justice to observe, that though composed of so many different species of troops, the utmost harmony prevailed through the whole army during the campaign.

At fort Jefferson, I found the first regiment, which had returned from the service they had been sent upon, without either overtaking the deserters or meeting the convoys of provisions. I am not certain, sir, whether I ought to consider the absence of this regiment from the field of action as fortunate or otherwise—I incline to think it was fortunate; for I very much doubt whether, had it been in the action the fortune of the day had been turned; and if it had not, the triumph of the enemy would have been more complete, and the country would have been destitute of every means of defence.

Taking a view of the situation of our broken troops at fort Jefferson, and that there was no provision in the fort, I called upon the field officers, viz: lieut. col. Drake, major Hamtramck, major Zeigler, and major Gaither, together with the adjutant general, for their advice, what would be proper further to be done, and it was their

unanimous opinion, that the addition of the first regiment, unbroken as it was, did not put the army on as respectable a footing as it was in the morning, because a great part of it was now unarmed.—That it had been then found unequal to the enemy; and should they come on, which was probable, would be found so again —that the troops could not be thrown into the fort, both because it was so small, and that there were no provisions in it. That provisions were known to be upon the road, at the distance of one or at most two marches.—That, therefore, it would be proper to move, without loss of time, to meet the provisions, when the men would have the sooner an opportunity of some refreshment, and that a proper detachment might be sent back with it, to have it safely deposited in the fort. This advice was accepted, and the army put in motion again at ten o'clock, and marched till night, and the succeeding day met with a quantity of flour—part of which was distributed immediately—part taken back to supply the army on the march to fort Hamilton, and the remainder, (about fifty horse loads,) sent forward to fort Jefferson—the next day a drove of cattle was met with for the same place, and I have information that both got in. The wounded who had been left at that place, were ordered to be brought here by the return horses.

I have said, sir, in a former part of this letter, that we were overpowered by numbers; of that, however, I have no other evidence than the weight of the fire, which was always a most deadly one, and generally delivered from the ground, few of the enemy showing themselves on foot, except when they were charged; and that in a few minutes our whole camp, which extended above three hundred and fifty yards in length, was entirely surrounded, and attacked on all quarters.

The loss, sir, the public has sustained by the fall of so many brave officers, particularly General Butler and Major Ferguson, cannot be too much regretted; but it is a circumstance that will alleviate the misfortune in some measure, that all of them fell most gallantly doing their duty. I have had very particular obligations to

many of them, as well as to the survivors, but to none more than to Col. Sargent. He has discharged the various duties of his office with zeal, with exactness, and with intelligence, and on all occasions afforded me every assistance in his power; which I have also experienced from my aid-de-camp, Lieut. Denny, and the Viscount Malartie, who served me in that station as a volunteer.

With every sentiment of respect and regard,
I have the honor to be, sir,
Your most obedient servant,
ARTHUR ST. CLAIR.

To the Hon. Major Gen. Knox,
Secretary of War.

P. S. Some orders that had been given to Col. Oldham over night, and which were of much consequence; were not executed; and some very material intelligence was communicated by Capt. Slough to General Butler; in the course of the night before the action, which was never imparted to me, nor did I hear of it until after my arrival here.

PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 23.

Last Wednesday evening, Lieutenant Denny, aid-de-camp to Major General St. Clair, arrived with despatches for the Secretary of War, dated fort Washington, the 17th November.

The garrison at fort Jefferson was intended to be continued, and was not conceived to be in any danger: it was well supplied with provisions, provided with artillery, and commanded by Captain Shaler, of the second regiment. Most of the wounded had arrived at fort Washington from fort Jefferson.

Piamingo, the Chickasaw chief, had returned safe with his warriors, and Capt. Sparks, of Clarke's battalion, bringing with them five scalps.

The Kentucky militia, under Generals Scott and Wilkinson, all mounted, and furnished with 20 days' provisions, would probably arrive at fort Washington about the 20th of Nov.

It was expected that the dispersed situation of the Indians would afford a good opportunity for the militia to make an important stroke yet this winter.

The brave Major Clarke, (who covered the retreat,) with some soldiers, supposed to have been killed, had arrived at fort Washington.

The levies were generally discharged, excepting those who had enlisted into the regular service.

Authentic list of the killed and wounded in the army of the United States, commanded by Major General St. Clair, November 4th, 1791. From the returns of the Adjutant General.

Major General Butler, killed.

Colonel Sargent, (adjutant general,) and the Viscount Malartie, acting as aid-de-camp, wounded.

Artillery. Killed—Major Ferguson, Capt. Bradford, Lieut. Spear.

Wounded—Capt. Ford.

Cavalry. Wounded—Capt. Trueman, Lieut. De Butts, Cornet Bhines.

1st United States Regiment. Wounded—Captain Doyle.

2d United States Regiment. Killed—Major Heart, Captains Kirkwood, Phelon, and Newman, Lieut. Warren, Ensigns Balch and Cobb.

Wounded—Lieut. Greaton.

1st Regiment of Levies. Killed—Captains Van Swearingen, Tipton, and Price, Lieutenants M'Math and Boyd, Ensigns Wilson, Reeves, Brooks, Chace and Turner, Adjutant Burges, Dr. Grasson.

Wounded—Lieut. Colonel Drake, Captains Darke and Buchanan, Lieutenants Morgan, Lyle, M'Rhea, Davidson and Price, Adjutant Whistler.

2d Regimeet of Levies. Killed—Captains Cribbs, Piatt, and Purdy, Lieutenants Kelso and Lukins, Ensigns M'Michael, Beattie, and Purdy, Adjutant Anderson.

Wounded—Lieutenant Colonel Gibson, Major Butler, Captain Slough, Lieutenants Thompson, Cummings, and Reed, Ensign Morehead, Adjutant Crawford.

Kentucky Militia. Killed—Lieutenant Colonel Oldham, Captain Lemar, Lieutenant Briggs, Ensign Montgomery.

Wounded—Captains Thomas and Madison, Lieutenants Owen and Stagner, Ensign Walter, Doctor Ganoe.

Non-commissioned Officers and Privates.

Killed and missing,	593
Wounded,	214

N. B. Of the first United States Regiment, a small detachment only was in the action, the regiment being on command.

CHAPTER IV.

Captivity, Murder of my Children, Escape, &c.

Vicissitude is the characteristic feature of the present life. All are the subjects, in a greater or less degree, of the trials and the changes of life; but although it is certain that there is a general allotment of trials in the present world, so that "every heart knoweth its own bitterness;" yet it is but too evident that there are some of the human family who are called to pass through those which are infinitely more severe than others. Some seem to pass over the season of life, without encountering those awfully agitating billows which threaten their immediate destruction; while to others, the passage to the tomb is fraught with awful tempests and overwhelming billows. Happy will it be for those who, after having sailed over the boisterous ocean of time, shall eventually be wafted, by a divine breeze, into the haven of eternal repose. That those trials, which were of a particular nature, and of an almost overwhelming magnitude, were endured by me, will appear by a recital of those sober facts,* (facts which are too notorious to be

*To the principal facts related in this chapter, I was called on, by the public, to make oath, immediately after their occurrence, for the good of the country, an account of which may be found in most newspapers of the day, and in Loudon's selection of the most interesting Narratives of outrages committed by the Indians, &c.—Carlisle, 1808.

denied, and too peculiar to be counterfeited,) to which the attention of the reader is now invited.

On the return of my husband from Gen. St. Clair's defeat, mentioned in a preceding chapter, and on his recovery from the wound he received in the battle, he was made a spy, and ordered to the woods on duty, about the 22d of March, 1792. The appointment of spies to watch the movements of the Savages, was so consonant with the desires and interests of the inhabitants, that the frontiers now resumed the appearance of quiet and confidence. Those who had for nearly a year been huddled together in the block-house were scattered to their own habitations, and began the cultivation of their farms. The spies saw nothing to alarm them, or to induce them to apprehend danger, till the fatal morning of my captivity. They repeatedly came to our house, to receive refreshments, and to lodge. On the 15th of May, my husband, with Capt. Guthrie and other spies, came home about dark, and wanted supper; to procure which, I requested one of the spies to accompany me to the spring and spring-house, and William Maxwell complied with my request. While he was at the spring and spring-house, we both distinctly heard a sound, like the bleating of a lamb or fawn.—This greatly alarmed us, and induced us to make a hasty retreat into the house.—Whether this was an Indian decoy, or a warning of what I was to pass through, I am unable to determine. But from this time and circumstance, I became considerably alarmed, and entreated my husband to remove me to some more secure place from Indian cruelties.—But Providence had designed that I should become a victim to their rage, and that mercy should be made manifest in my deliverance.

On the night of the 21st of May, two of the spies, Mr. James Davis and Mr. Sutton, came to lodge at our house, and on the morning of the 22d, at day break, when the horn blew at the block house, which was within sight of our house, and distant about two hundred yards, the two men got up and went out: I was also awake, and saw the door open, and thought, when I was

taken prisoner, that the scouts had left it open. I intended to rise immediately; but having a child at the breast, and it being awakened, I lay with it at the breast to get it to sleep again, and accidentally fell asleep myself.

The spies have since informed me, that they returned to the house again, and found that I was sleeping; that they softly fastened the door, and went immediately to the block-house; and those who examined the house after the scene was over, say that both doors had the appearance of being broken open.

The first thing I knew from falling asleep, was the Indians pulling me out of the bed by my feet. I then looked up, and saw the house full of Indians, every one having his gun in his left hand, and tomahawk in his right.—Beholding the dangerous situation in which I was, I immediately jumped to the floor on my feet, with the young child in my arms. I then took a petticoat to put on, having only the one in which I slept; but the Indians took it from me, and as many as I attempted to put on, they succeeded in taking from me, so that I had to go just as I had been in bed. While I was struggling with some of the savages for clothing, others of them went and took the two children out of another bed, and immediately took the two feather beds to the door and emptied them. The savages immediately began their work of plunder and devastation. What they were unble to carry with them, they destroyed. While they were at their work, I made to the door, and succeeded in getting out, with one child in my arms, and another by my side: but the other little boy was so much displeased by being so early disturbed in the morning, that he would not come to the door.

When I got out, I saw Mr. Wolf, one of the soldiers, going to the spring for water, and beheld two or three of the savages attempting to get between him and the block-house; but Mr. Wolf was unconscious of his danger, for the savages had not yet been discovered. I then gave a terrific scream, by which means Mr. Wolf discovered his danger, and started to run for the block-

house: seven or eight of the Indians fired at him, but the only injury he received was a bullet in his arm, which broke it. He succeeded in making his escape to the block-house. When I raised the alarm, one of the Indians came up to me with his tomahawk, as though about to take my life; a second came and placed his hand before my mouth, and told me to hush, when a third came with a lifted tomahawk, and attempted to give me a blow; but the first that came raised his tomahawk and averted the blow, and claimed me as his squaw.

The Commissary, with his waiter, slept in the store-house, near the block-house. And upon hearing the report of the guns, came to the door to see what was the matter, and beholding the danger he was in, made his escape to the block-house, but not without being discovered by the Indians, several of whom fired at him, and one of the bullets went through his handkerchief, which was tied about his head, and took off some of his hair.—The handkerchief, with several bullet holes in it, he afterwards gave to me.

The waiter, on coming to the door, was met by the Indians, who fired upon him, and he received two bullets through the body, and fell dead by the door. The savages then set up one of their tremendous and terrifying yells, and pushed forward and attempted to scalp the man they had killed; but they were prevented from executing their diabolical purpose, by the heavy fire which was kept up through the port holes from the block-house.

In this scene of horror and alarm, I began to meditate an escape, and for that purpose I attempted to direct the attention of the Indians frem me, and to fix it on the block-house, and thought if I could succeed in this, I would retreat to a subterranean rock with which I was acquainted, which was in the run near where we were. For this purpose, I began to converse with some of those who were near me respecting the strength of the block-house, the number of men in it, &c., and being informed that there were forty men there, and that they were excellent marksmen, they immediately came

to the determination to retreat, and for this purpose they ran to those who were besieging the block-house, and brought them away. They then began to flog me with their wiping sticks, and to order me along. Thus what I intended as the means of my escape, was the means of accelerating my departure in the hands of the savages. But it was no doubt ordered by a kind Providence, for the preservation of the fort and the inhabitants in it; for when the savages gave up the attack and retreated, some of the men in the house had the last load of ammunition in their guns, and there was no possibility of procuring more, for it was all fastened up in the store house, which was inaccessible.

The Indians, when they had flogged me away along with them, took my oldest boy, a lad about five years of age, along with them, for he was still at the door by my side. My middle little boy, who was about three years of age, had by this time obtained a situation by the fire in the house, and was crying bitterly to me not to go, and making bitter complaints of the depredations of the savages.

But these monsters were not willing to let the child remain behind them: they took him by the hand to drag him along with them, but he was so very unwilling to go, and made such a noise by crying, that they took him up by the feet, and dashed his brains out against the threshold of the door. They then scalped and stabbed him, and left him for dead. When I witnessed this inhuman butchery of my own child, I gave a most indescribable and terrific scream, and felt a dimness come over my eyes, next to blindness, and my senses were nearly gone. The savages then gave me a blow across my head and face, and brought me to my sight and recollection again. During the whole of this agonizing scene I kept my infant in my arms.

As soon as their murder was effected, they marched me along to the top of the bank, about forty or sixty rods, and there they stopped and divided the plunder which they had taken from our house, and here I count-

ed their number, and found them to be 32, two of whom were white men painted as Indians.

Several of the Indians could speak English well. I knew several of them well, having seen them go up and down the Allegheny river. I knew two of them to be from the Seneca tribe of Indians, and two of them Munsees; for they had called at the shop to get their guns repaired, and I saw them there.

We went from this place about forty rods, and they then caught my uncle John Currie's horses, and two of them, into whose custody I was put, started with me on the horses towards the mouth of the Kiskiminetas, and the rest of them went off towards Puckety. When they came to the bank that descended towards the Allegheny, the bank was so very steep, and there appeared so much danger in descending it on horse-back, that I threw myself off the horse in opposition to the will and command of the savages.

My horse descended without falling, but the one on which the Indian rode who had my little boy, in descending, fell, and rolled over repeatedly; and my little boy fell back over the horse, but was not materially injured; he was taken up by one of the Indians, and we got to the bank of the river, where they had secreted some bark canoes under the rocks, opposite to the island that lies between the Kiskiminetas and Buffalo. They attempted in vain to make the horses take the river. After trying for some time to effect this, they left the horses behind them, and took us in one of the canoes to the point of the island, and there they left the canoe.

Here I beheld another hard scene, for as soon as we landed, my little boy who was still mourning and lamenting about his little brother, and who complained that he was injured by the fall, in descending the bank, *was murdered.*

One of the Indians ordered me along, probably that I should not see the horrid deed about to be perpetrated. The other, then, took his tomahawk from his side, and with this instrument of death, *killed and scalped him.* When I beheld this second scene of inhuman butchery,

I fell to the ground senseless, with my infant in my arms, it being under, and its little hands in the hair of my head. How long I remained in this state of insensibility, I know not.

The first thing I remember was my raising my head from the ground, and my feeling myself exceedingly overcome with sleep. I cast my eyes around and saw the scalp of my dear little boy, fresh bleeding from his head, in the hand of one of the savages, and sunk down to the earth again, upon my infant child. The first thing I remember after witnessing this spectacle of wo, was the severe blows I was receiving from the hands of the savages, though at that time I was unconscious of the injury I was sustaining. After a severe castigation they assisted me in getting up, and supported me when up.

Here I cannot help contemplating the peculiar interposition of Divine Providence in my behalf. How easily might they have murdered me! What a wonder their cruelty did not lead them to effect it! But instead of this, the scalp of my boy was hid from my view, and in order to bring me to my senses again, they took me back to the river, and led me in knee deep; this had its intended effect. But "the tender mercies of the wicked are cruel."

We now proceeded on our journey, by crossing the island, and coming to a shallow place where we could wade out, and so arrive to the Indian side of the country. Here they pushed me in the river before them, and had to conduct me through it. The water was up to my breast, but I suspended my child above the water, and, through the assistance of the savages, got safely out.

From thence we rapidly proceeded forward, and came to Big Buffaloe; here the stream was very rapid, and the Indians had again to assist me. When we had crossed this creek, we made a straight course to the Connequenessing creek, the very place where Butler now stands; and from thence we travelled five or six miles to Little

Buffalo, and crossed it at the very place where Mr. B. Sarver's mill now stands, and ascended the hill.

I now felt weary of my life, and had a full determination to make the savages kill me, thinking that death would be exceedingly welcome, when compared with the fatigue, cruelties and miseries I had the prospect of enduring. To have my purpose effected, I stood still, one of the savages being before me, and the other walking on behind me, and I took from off my shoulder a large powder horn they made me carry, in addition to my child, who was one year and four days old. I threw the horn on the ground, closed my eyes, *and expected every moment to feel the deadly tomahawk.* But to my surprise, the Indians took it up, cursed me bitterly, and put it on my shoulder again. I took it off the second time, and threw it on the ground; and again closed my eyes, with the assurance that I should meet death; but instead of this, the savages again took up the horn, and with an indignant frightful countenance, came and placed it on again. I took it off the third time, and was determined to effect it, and therefore threw it, as far as I was able from me, over the rocks. The savage immediately went after it, while the one who had claimed me as his squaw, and who had stood and witnessed the transaction, came up to me, and said "well done, I did right and was a good squaw, and that the other was a lazy son of a b—h; he might carry it himself." I cannot now sufficiently admire the indulgent care of a gracious God, that, at this moment preserved me amidst so many temptations, from the tomahawk and scalping knife.

The savages now changed their position, and the one who claimed me as his squaw, went behind. This movement, I believe, was to prevent the other from doing me any injury; and we went on till we struck the Conequenessing, at the Salt-Lick, about two miles above Butler, where was an Indian camp, where we arrived a little before dark, having no refreshment during the day.

The camp was made of stakes driven in the ground sloping, and covered with chesnut bark; and appeared sufficiently long for fifty men. The camp appeared to

have been occupied for some time; it was very much beaten, and large beaten paths went out from it in different directions.

That night they took me about three hundred yards from the camp, up a run, into a large dark bottom, where they cut the brush in a thicket, and placed a blanket on the ground, and permitted me to sit down with my child. They then pinioned my arms back, only, with a little liberty, so that it was with difficulty that I managed my child. Here, in this dreary situation, without fire or refreshment, having an infant to take care of, and my arms bound behind me, and having a savage on each side of me, who had killed two of my dear children that day, I had to pass the first night of my captivity.

Ye mothers, who have never lost a child by an inhuman savage, or endured the almost indescribable misery here related, may nevertheless think a little, (though it be but little) what I endured; and hence now you are enjoying sweet repose, and the comforts of a peaceful and well replenished habitation, sympathize with me a little, as one, who was a pioneer in the work of cultivation and civilization.

But the trials and dangers of the day I had passed, had so completely exhausted nature, that notwithstanding my unpleasant situation, and *my determination to escape if possible*, I insensibly fell asleep, and repeatedly dreamed of my escape, and safe arrival in Pittsburg, and several things relating to the town, of which I knew nothing at the time; but found to be true when I arrived there. The first night passed away, and I found no means of escape, for the savages kept watch the whole of the night, without any sleep.

In the morning one of them left us, to watch the trail or path we had come, to see if any white people were pursuing us. During the absence of the Indian, who was the one that claimed me, and who remained with me, and who was the murderer of my last boy, took from his bosom his scalp, and prepared a hoop, and stretched the scalp upon it. Those mothers who have not seen the like done by one of the scalps of their own

children, (and few, if any, ever had so much misery to endure,) will be able to form but faint ideas of the feelings which then harrowed up my soul!! I meditated revenge! While he was in the very act, I attempted to take his tomahawk, which hung by his side and rested on the ground, and had nearly succeeded, and was, as I thought, about to give the fatal blow; when, alas! I was detected.

The savage felt me at his tomahawk handle, turned round upon me, cursed me, and told me I was a *yankee;* thus insinuating he understood my intention, and to prevent me from doing so again; faced me. My excuse to him for handling his tomahawk was, that my child wanted to play with the handle of it. Here again I wondered at my merciful preservation, for the looks of the Indian were terrific in the extreme; and these, I apprehend, were only an index to his heart. But God was my preserver!

The savage who went upon the look-out in the morning, came back about 12 o'clock, and had discovered no pursuers. Then the one who had been guarding me went out on the same errand. The savage who was now my guard, began to examine me about the white people, the strength of the armies going against them, &c., and boasted largely of their achievements in the preceding fall, at the defeat of Gen. St. Clair.

He then examined into the plunder which he had brought from our house the day before. He found my pocket-book and money in his plunder. There were ten dollars in silver, and a half a guinea in gold in the book. During this day they gave me a piece of dry venison, about the bulk of an egg, and a piece about the same size, the day we were marching, for my support, and that of my child; but owing to the blows I had received from them in my jaws, I was unable to eat a bit of it. I broke it up and gave it to the child.

The savage on the look-out returned about dark.—This evening, (Monday the 23d,) they moved me to another station in the same valley, and secured me as they did the preceding night. Thus I found myself the sec-

ond night between two Indians, without fire or refreshment. During this night I was frequently asleep, notwithstanding my unpleasant situation, and as often dreamed of my arrival in Pittsburg.

Early on the morning of the 24th, a flock of mocking birds and robins hovered over us, as we lay in our uncomfortable bed; and sung, and said, at least to my imagination, that I was to get up and go off. As soon as day broke, one of the Indians went off again to watch the trail, as on the preceding day, and he who was left to take care of me, appeared to be sleeping. When I perceived this, I lay still and began to snore, as though asleep; and he fell asleep.

Then I concluded it was time to escape. I found it impossible to injure him for my child at the breast, as I could not effect any thing without putting the child down, and then it would cry, and give the alarm; so I contented myself with taking from a pillow case of plunder, taken from our house, a short gown, handkerchief, and child's frock, and so made my escape; the sun then being about half an hour high.

I took a direction from home, at first, being guided by the birds before mentioned, and in order to deceive the Indians; then took over the hill, and struck the Connequenessing creek about two miles from where I crossed it with the Indians, and went down the stream till about two o'clock in the afternoon, over rocks, precipices, thorns, briars, &c., with my bare feet and legs. I then discovered by the sun, and the running of the stream, that I was on the wrong course, and going from, instead of coming nearer home. I then changed my course, ascended a hill, and sat down till sunset, and the evening star made its appearance, when I discovered the way I should travel; and having marked out the direction I intended to take the next morning, I collected some leaves, made up a bed, and laid myself down and slept, though my feet being full of thorns, began to be extremely painful, and I had nothing still to eat for myself or child.

The next morning, (Friday, 25th of May,) about the

breaking of the day, I was aroused from my slumbers, by the flock of birds before mentioned, which still continued with me, and having them to guide me through the wilderness. As soon as it was sufficiently light for me to find my way, I started for the fourth day's trial, of hunger and fatigue.

There was nothing very material occurred on this day while I was travelling, and I made the best of my way, according to my knowledge, towards the Alleghe-ny river. In the evening, about the going down of the sun, a moderate rain came on, and I began to prepare for my bed, by collecting some leaves together, as I had done the night before; but could not collect a sufficient quantity, without setting my little boy on the ground; but as soon as I put him out of my arms, he began to cry. Fearful of the consequence of his noise in this situation, I took him in my arms, and put him to the breast immediately, and he became quiet. I then stood and listened, and *distinctly heard the footsteps of a man coming after me*, in the same direction I had come !— The ground over which I had been travelling was good and the mould was light; I had therefore left my foot-marks, and thus exposed myself to a *second captivity!* Alarmed at my perilous situation, I looked around for a place of safety, and *providentially* discovered a large tree which had fallen; into the tops of which I crept, with my child in my arms, and there I hid myself se-curely under the limbs. The darkness of the night greatly assisted me, and provented me from detection.

The footsteps I heard were those of a savage. He heard the cry of the child, and came to the very spot where the child cried, and there he halted, put down his gun, and was at this time so near, that I heard the wi-ping stick strike against his gun distinctly.

My getting in under the tree, and sheltering myself from the rain, and pressing my boy to my bosom, got him warm, and most providentially he fell asleep, and lay very still during the time of my danger at that time. All was still and quiet, the savage was listening, if by possibility he might again hear the cry he had heard

before. My own heart was the only thing I feared, and that beat so loud, that I was apprehensive it would betray me. It is almost impossible to conceive, or to believe, the wonderful effect my situation produced upon my whole system.

After the savage had stood and listened with nearly the stillness of death, for two hours, the sound of a bell, and a cry like that of a night-owl, signals which were given to him from his savage companions, induced him to answer, and after he had given a most horrid yell, which was calculated to harrow up my soul, he started and went off to join them.

After the retreat of the savage to his companions, I concluded it unsafe to remain in my concealed situation till morning, lest they should conclude upon a second search, and being favored with the light of day, find me, and either tomahawk or scalp me, or otherwise bear me back to my captivity again, which was worse than death!

But by this time nature was nearly exhausted; and I found some difficulty in moving from my situation that night; yet, compelled by *necessity*, and a love of self-preservation, I threw my coat about my child, and placed the end between my teeth, and with one arm and my teeth, I carried the child, and with the other arm groped my way between the trees, and travelled on as I supposed a mile or two, and there sat down at the root of a tree till the morning. The night was cold and wet, and thus terminated the fourth day and night's difficulties, trials, hunger, and danger!

The fifth day, Saturday, 26th of May, wet and exhausted, hungry and wretched, I started from my resting place in the morning, as soon as I could see my way, and on that morning struck the head waters of Pine creek, which falls into the Allegheny about four miles above Pittsburg; though I knew not then what waters they were, but crossed them, and on the opposite bank I found a path, and discovered in it two mockasin tracks, fresh indented, and the men who had made them were before me, and travelling on the same direction

that I was travelling. This alarmed me; but as they were before me, and travelling in the same direction as I was, I concluded I could see them as soon as they could see me, and therefore I pressed on in that path for about three miles, when I came to the forks where another branch empties into the creek, and where was a hunter's camp, where the two men, whose tracks I had before discovered and followed, had been, and kindled a fire and breakfasted, and had left the fire burning.

I here became more alarmed, and came to a determination to leave the path. I then ascended a hill, and crossed a ridge towards Squaw run, and came upon a trail or path. Here I stopped and meditated what to do; and while I was thus musing, I saw three deers coming towards me in full speed; they turned to look at their pursuers; I looked too with all attention, and saw the flash of a gun, and then heard the report as soon as the gun was fired. I saw some dogs start after them, and began to look about for a shelter, and immediately made for a large log, and hid myself behind it; but most providentially, I did not go clear to the log; had I done so, I might have lost my life by the bites of rattle-snakes; for as I put my hand to the ground, to raise myself that I might see what was become of the hunters, and who they were, I saw a large heap of rattle-snakes, and the top one was very large, and coiled up very near my face, and quite ready to bite me. This compelled me to leave this situation, let the consequences be what they might.

In consequence of this occurrence, I again left my course, bearing to the left, and came upon the head waters of Squaw run, and kept down the run the remainder of that day.

During the day it rained, and I was in a very deplorable situation; so cold and shivering were my limbs, that frequently in opposition to all my struggles, I gave an involuntary groan. I suffered intensely this day, from hunger, though my jaws were so far recovered from the injury they sustained from the blows of the Indians, that wherever I could, I procured grape vines,

and chewed them for a little sustenance. In the evening I came within one mile of the Allegheny river, tho' I was ignorant of it at the time; and there, at the root of a tree, through a most tremendous night's rain, I took up my fifth night's lodgings, and in order to shelter my infant as much as possible, I placed him in my lap, and placed my head against the tree, and thus let the rain fall upon me.

On the sixth (that was Sabbath) morning from my captivity, I found myself unable for a very considerable time, to raise myself from the ground; and when I had once more, by hard struggling, got myself upon my feet, and started upon the sixth day's encounter, *nature was so nearly exhausted, and my spirits were so completely depressed*, that my progress was amazingly slow and discouraging.

In this almost helpless condition, I had not gone far, before I came to a path where there had been cattle travelling; I took the path under the impression that it would lead me to the abode of some white people, and by travelling it about one mile, I came to an uninhabited cabin! and though I was in a river bottom, yet I knew not where I was, nor yet on what river bank I had come. Here I was seized with the feelings of despair, and under those feelings I went to the threshold of the uninhabited cabin, and concluded that I would *enter and lie down and die;* as death would have been to me an *angel of mercy* in such a *situation*, and would have removed me from all my misery!

Such were my feelings at this distressing moment, and had it not been for the recollection of those sufferings which my *infant* would endure, who would survive for some time after I was dead, I should have carried my determination into execution. Here, too, I heard the sound of a cow bell, which imparted *a gleam of hope to my desponding mind!* I followed the sound of the bell till I came opposite to the fort at the six mile Island.

When I came there, I saw three men on the opposite bank of the river. My feelings at the sight of these

were better felt than described. I called to the men, but they seemed unwilling to risk the danger of coming after me, and requested to know who I was. I replied, that I was one who had been taken prisoner by the Indians on the Allegheny river on last Tuesday morning, and had made my escape from them. They requested me to walk up the bank of the river for a while, that they might see if the Indians were making a decoy of me, or not; but I replied to them that my feet were so sore that I could not walk.

Then one of them, James Closier, got into a canoe to fetch me over, and the other two stood on the bank, with their rifles cocked, ready to fire on the Indians, provided they were using me as a decoy: when Mr. Closier came near to the shore, and saw my haggard and dejected situation, he exclaimed, "who in the name of God are you?" This man was one of my nearest neighbors, before I was taken; yet in six days I was so much altered that he did not know me, either by my voice or my countenance.

When I landed on the inhabited side of the river, the people from the fort came running out to the boat to see me: they took the child from me, and now I felt safe from all danger, I found myself unable to move, or to assist myself in any degree. Whereupon the people took me, and carried me out of the boat to the house of Mr. Cortus.

Here, when I felt I was secure from the ravages and cruelties of the barbarians, for the first time since my captivity, my feelings returned with all their poignancy! When I was dragged from my bed and from my home, a prisoner with the savages; when the inhuman butchers dashed the brains of one of my dear children out on the door-sill, and afterwards scalped him before my eyes; when they took and tomahawked, scalped, and stabbed another of them before me, on the island;—and when with still more barbarous feelings, they afterwards made a hoop, and stretched his scalp on it;—nor yet, when I endured hunger, cold, and nearly nakedness, and at the same time my infant sucking my very blood

to support it, I never wept!!! No! it was too, too much for nature! A tear then would have been too great a luxury! And it is more than probable, that tears at these seasons of distress, would have been fatal in their consequences; for savages despise a tear! But now that my danger was removed, and I was delivered from the pangs of the barbarians, the tears flowed freely, and imparted a happiness, beyond what I ever experienced before, or ever expect to experience in this world!

When I was taken into the house, having been so long from fire, and having endured so much from hunger, for a long period, the heat of the fire, and the smell of the victuals, which the kindness of the people immediately induced them to provide for me, caused me to faint.—Some of the people attempted to restore me, and some of them put some clothes upon me. But the kindness of these friends would, in all probability, have killed me, had it not been for the providential arrival, from down the river, of Maj. M'Culley, who then commanded the line along the river. When he came in and saw my situation, and the provisions they were making for me, he became greatly alarmed, and immediately ordered me out of the house, from the heat and smell;—prohibited my taking any thing but the whey of buttermilk, and that in very small quantities, which he administered with his own hands. Through this judicious management of my almost lost situation, I was mercifully restored again to my senses, and very gradually to my health and strength.

Two of the females, Sarah Carter and Mary Ann Crozier, then began to take out the thorns from my feet and legs; and Mr. Felix Negley, who now lives at the mouth of Bull Creek, twenty miles above Pittsburgh, stood by and counted the thorns, as the women took them out; and there were one hundred and fifty drawn out, though they were not all extracted at that time, for the next evening, at Pittsburgh, there were many more taken out. The flesh was mangled dreadfully, and the skin and flesh were hanging in pieces, on my feet and

legs. The wounds were not healed for a considerable time. Some of the thorns went through my feet, and came out on the top. For two weeks I was unable to put my feet to the ground to walk.

Besides which, the rain to which I was exposed by night, and the heat of the sun, to which my almost naked body was exposed by day, together with my carrying my child so long in my arms, without any relief, and any shelter from the heat of the day or the storms of the night, caused nearly all the skin of my body to come off, so that my body was raw nearly all over.

The two men's tracks which I had followed down the run, referred to before, and which made me so much afraid, were two spies, James Amberson and John Thompson, who arrived at the station very soon after me.

The news of my arrival at the station spread with great rapidity. The two spies took the intelligence, that evening, as far as Coe's station, and the next morning to Reed's station, to my husband. It also reached Pittsburgh that same evening. And the next morning, a young man who was employed by the magistrates of Pittsburgh, came for me, to go immediately to town, to give in my deposition, that it might be published to the American people. Being unable to walk, or ride on horseback, some of the men took me and carried me into a canoe on the river, and took me down in this manner; and when I arrived in Pittsburgh, I was taken from the canoe; in the arms of the men, to the office of John Wilkins, Esq. the father of the Hon. William Wilkins, Judge of the United States' Court. The deposition which I then gave in, was published through the Union, in the different newspapers of the day, and has since been preserved, and may be read in Loudon's Narratives of outrages by the Indians, vol. 1, p. 85.

As the intelligence spread, the town of Pittsburgh, and the country for twenty miles round, was all in a state of commotion. About sunset the same evening, my husband came to see me, in Pittsburgh, and I was taken back to Coe's station on Tuesday morning. In the even-

ing I gave the account of the murder of my boy on the Island. The next morning, (Wednesday,) there was a scout went out, and found it by my direction, and buried it, after being murdered nine days.

CHAPTER V.

Containing an account of the effect of my deposition and intelligence, the ravages of the Indians during my absence, &c.

In the revolution of human affairs, it not unfrequently happens, that circumstances which are small in themselves, are overruled by the Moral Governor of the Universe, so as in no small degree to contribute to the accomplishment of very important events. The circumstances of the Western Country, at this period of its history, required much *individual* suffering, before general blessings could abound. It is no small alleviation of our individual sufferings, if we are enabled to see, that they in any measure contributed to a general good.

In reflecting upon the events which contributed to the final liberation of this country, from the deadly rifle, the tomahawk, and the scalping knife of the Indians, I have the felicity of believing, that the sufferings which were recited in the preceding chapter had some small share in bringing about a successful issue; as they tended to give fresh impulse to those who were already engaged in the conflict, and to engage others in it.

On the Tuesday after my arrival at Coe's station, I was taken before the officers and spies, who were stationed on the frontiers, and very strictly examined, respecting the number and designs of the savages; the situations of their camps, and their prospects and anticipations, as far as I had become acquainted with them. Upon the information which I was enabled to give them, there was a party of scouts, consisting of one hundred and thirty men and twelve spies, commanded by Major M'Cully, and Captains Guthrie and Stevenson, immedi-

ately raised, and started from Coe's station in pursuit of the Indians.

This party explored the woods, and at length, with considerable difficulty, they found the camp which I had described to them; and ascertained that it was as large, and apparently as much frequented, as I had represented it to be. But the Indians had fled from it, undoubtedly under the apprehension that my escape from them, would lead to their detection. After ten days' range through the wilderness, and finding none of the savages, the party returned again, without being able to accomplish any thing.

The circumstances which transpired during my absence, were awful in the extreme: the account of which was communicated to me upon my return. Now, I was informed, that my dear child that was scalped, tomahawked and stabbed, lived in agony, notwithstanding the inhuman treatment which he received, for two days.

The Indians who left us, and went towards Puckety, went on to the house of John Curry, and plundered and burnt it, and the barn and all in it; and the family very narrowly escaped. They were alarmed while they were in bed, and fled from their habitation nearly naked.— When the savages found no one in the house, and were consequently unable to gratify their savage thirst for blood upon human victims, they went and killed and scalped the calves, and hung the scalps on poles, and shot arrows into the cows.

After they had committed all the depredations, and acts of cruelty which they were able at Mr. Curry's, the savages went on to Puckety. But the news of their depredations went before them, and the inhabitants were flying in every direction. They had not proceeded much more than a mile up the creek, when they fell in with the families of Mr. Flails and Mr. Mellons, who were flying from the savages. The Indians immediately fired upon them and wounded the two men, and old Mrs. Flails, and took the eldest daughter prisoner. Her name is Elizabeth. And with Miss Flails, they took the horses belonging to the two families, and all their plunder,

and burnt the house and barn of Mr. Hugh Mellons.

Fifty or sixty women and children, who had fled from their respective houses, from their murderous enemies, for safety, collected together that night at the house of Mr. M'Glaughlin, where the Indians came by night, and took a number of horses from a field near the house. In the evening, Mr. John Anderson and son went from the house of Mr. M'Glaughlin, to their own house, a little distance, to settle a little business, after which, on their return to the company, as they were coming to the fence, to cross the footway to come to the house, the gun of young Anderson most unaccountably went off: for nothing was farther from their wish, than firing at such a time as this; but upon this *providential* fire, seven or eight savages started up a few yards from them, and run off with all speed; doubtless imagining that their ambush was discovered, and that they were in danger. But the going off of the gun cannot be accounted for, only as it was the merciful and miraculous interposition of Divine Providence, for the preservation of *their* lives, and the lives of others. Those who had fled to this situation, feeling that it would be unsafe for them to remain there any longer, before daylight the next morning fled, in a most deplorable situation, from the frontiers to the inhabited part of the country.

The Indians on this day went on plundering a quantity of horses, and every thing they could meet with, but they were not able to kill any white person; but on the next day, that is Thursday, the 24th, they killed Bartholomew Garvey, about fifty rods from Chambers' station. Garvey was on his way to Reed's station, with two horse loads of bacon, for the garrison there, when the Indians fired on him and killed him.

There was now a considerable scout after the savages, for their depredations or murders had roused the country, and induced it to put all its energies into operation; hence, on this day, they were so closely pursued, that they had to kill a stud horse which they had plundered. They ran a sword into the body of the horse and left him in that situation; but before the poor animal

was dead, the scouts came up to him. During the remainder of this week they were so closely pursued by the whites, that they were unable to do any more mischief in this neighborhood. In the week following they took from the corn field of Samuel Holmes, on Crooked Creek; his son and daughter, and bore them away prisoners. This was the last depredation the savages were able to make this summer on the Allegheny. About five weeks after this, my husband, being one of the spies, was out with one of the scouts, when they fell in with an Indian about Puckety, and killed him as he was in the act of firing on them, and then my husband, to revenge the murder of his children, scalped him. This was the only injury which we were able to do the Indians through this summer.

Elizabeth Flails, whose captivity by the savages was mentioned in a preceding page, after sixteen months absence, was again restored to her friends. She now lives on the waters of Buffalo, in Armstrong county, Pa. and has given the following account of her captivity, escape, &c. &c.

She says, that the Indians took her across the Kiskiminetas, and in the forks of the Kiskiminetas, and the Allegheny, because they were so closely pursued by the white people, they hid her there three days. While she was in this retreat, she says, she saw white people every day. On the fourth day, they took her up the river for a considerable distance, there they made a bark canoe, in which they took her across the river.—This day they killed a deer and dressed some of the meat, and the smell of the meat made her faint, for she had been from the time of her captivity without food.

While they were in this place the two Indians from whom I had made my escape, came to them, and showed them the scalp of the boy they had taken. They stated that the white people had come upon them, and took *the woman away from them.* This refers to me; and this was the way they accounted for my escape from the Indians. Miss Flails said she knew a shawl of mine, which one of them had about his neck. The

savages told her they must alter their course, as there were white people after them.

A little before the sun went down, she said they came upon the track of a person, who was travelling without any thing upon the feet. When they saw this, they were struck with astonishment, and one of the savages followed the track till dark. At dark they rang a bell, and made a noise like owls, to bring him back to his party again. When he came back, he said he heard either the cry of a child, or a young bear, he could not tell which; but said he listened for a long time, but could hear nothing afterwards.

This was, without doubt, the very Indian who pursued me, and the cry which he heard *was that of my child*, when I put him down to collect some leaves to make a bed. Doubtless this was the man who remained near me so long, when I took my child, laid him in my bosom, and hid him in the boughs of a tree, as before mentioned.

Miss Flails says that she was claimed by one of the Indians for a sister, in the room of one he had lost by death; and she was adopted into his family as a sister, according to the mode of adoption among them. They took her to Cuyahoga, and there she had to hoe corn a little; but the Indian who claimed her as his sister, was remarkably good to her. From hence they went to the river to the traders, who came to deal with them, and receive their booty. She said she had a desire to speak to the traders, to see if there were any probability of escaping with them; but it came to the last day of their stay, and she almost despaired of an opportunity. When she had almost given up the hope, she went to the spring by the side of the river, and the trader saw her there, and had a desire to speak to her, and she came to him, the plot was laid for her to escape that night at 9 o'clock. At the appointed hour she went to the river, and crossed it before the trader came for her. But he came, according to appointment, took her, and hid her for two nights and one day; during which time the Indians made every search within their power; but all in vain. When

he was ready to start with his cargo, he came and dressed her in his own clothes, and put a gun in her hand, and took her right through the camp of the Indians, at a late hour of the night, and she was not detected, notwithstanding all their vigilance.

The trader then took her to Detroit, and she was there furnished with clothing, and there she remained till the June following; he then took her with another of the Indians' prisoners, which he had brought with him that spring, through the wilderness, to Bald Eagle Valley, on the Susquehanna, to his own house, and then she wrote to her father, and her father went and brought her home to his own house again; where she was received almost as one from the dead. He also brought the liberated woman with him.

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CHAPTER VI.

Our re-settlement on the Allegheny river; further trials and alarms; depredations of the Indians; their final overthrow.

After these scenes of trial, privation and distress had passed over, the privation we had suffered, in the complete plunder of all our property, by the savages, left us entirely destitute of the necessaries of life; so that when we settled down at Coe's station, among comparative strangers, we had to begin anew. Here I had to enter upon hard labor in washing, &c. for the men at the station to procure a livelihood. In this station, which is about seventeen miles above Pittsburgh, I remained nearly three years.

The remaining part of the year '92, passed over without any material injury being added to the last which has been before related. There were numerous alarms, and the inhabitants frequently fled from their plantations to the station, for safety. During the whole season there was a strong guard kept up at the station, commanded by Major M'Cully.

In the year 1793, the army under the command of the gallant Gen. Wayne, so completely occupied the attention of the Indians, that they were unable to commit any depredations upon the frontiers; hence this season passed over without any material depredations having been committed upon the frontiers.

In 1794 the savages again made their appearance, and commenced their horrid work of pillage, spoliation and murder.

In June, they attacked a canoe, going up the Alleghany river, to Franklin, and killed John Carter, wounded William Cousins and Peter Kinner, but they were unable to obtain the scalp of either of them; for the man they killed, instead of falling overboard, fell into the canoe, and the men who were wounded paddled the canoe out of their reach.

Two or three days after the savages attacked the boat of Capt. Sharp, as he was descending the Kiskiminetas river, about fifteen miles from its mouth. In the attack which they made on Capt. Sharp's boat, the savages were but too successful, for they killed four of his men and mortally wounded the Captain himself, who survived the wounds he received for several weeks, but died of them in Pittsburgh. The boat in which they were killed, and wounded, floated down the stream, entered the Allegheny; and passed two stations in the night, without being discovered, or without the assistance of any one on board to steer, or to row her; and came opposite to Mr. Thomas Girty's, a little below the mouth of Deer Creek; when the fourth man died, and when the women, who were in the boat, fearing that the captain was about to expire, and that they were to be left alone, called to the people on shore, for their assistance; who immediately put off a boat to their assistance, and brought their boat to the shore.

Four of the men had wives in the boat with them.—*These were compelled to witness the murder of their husbands, and to sit in their blood, as it flowed freely and warm from their veins.* The wife of Capt. Guthrie, who was in the boat with her husband, was, shortly

after she arrived in Pittsburgh, delivered of her ninth child. The men who brought the boat to shore, after they had made every arrangement they were able, took the boat to Pittsburgh.

When the boat was first attacked by the savages, one of the men belonging to it was on the shore taking care of the horses which they were bringing to town. He witnessed the attack which the savages made upon his comrades, but found it impossible to render them any assistance, or to get into the boat. He therefore left all the horses behind him and ran off as fast as he was able, and two Indians after him, who pursued him so closely, that he could distinctly hear them following him. They kept up the pursuit, till 11 o'clock at night, when finding themselves unable to get up to him, they gave over their chase. He, however, kept on his route, and arrived in Pittsburgh before the boat.

In those days of danger and trouble, notwithstanding all my former suffering from Indian barbarity, my husband on the 15th day of December this year, (1704,) moved me out on the waters of Bull Creek, about two miles below where I now reside, to settle a tract of land. In the creek bottom, a log house was raised for me to live in, but it had neither floor nor loft, nor was it either chunked or daubed. Here during a severe winter, I lived, or rather dragged out a miserable existence, with three small children to care for. My husband was at this time a spy, and only came home from his employment, once in seven or eight days. In this dreary and desolate situation, I was seven miles from the abode of any white person, and more frequently saw wolves, than any of the human species.

In the Spring of 1795, I became so much alarmed and afraid of an attack from the Indians, (remembering well what I had endured from their savage cruelty already,) that my husband was under the necessity of removing me from this dangerous situation, to the mouth of Buffalo Creek, at what was called Cregg's station.

Here five women and thirteen children lived together in peace. All the men at the station being out, endea-

Craig?

voring to ascertain the movement of the savages. This station was the place of their general rendezvous.—Sometimes they would repair to it in the evening, and sometimes we were left alone.

Nothing particular occurred till about the middle of May, when one evening as we were about to call the cows to milk, we observed them at the point of a hill, and the hindmost was coming apparently much frightened, and the dogs began most fearfully to bark. With the deepest anxiety we stood at the door of the station and listened, and distinctly heard *whistling on a charger*, in different directions, as fast as they could respond.

At this time we were in a very defenceless situation, having neither man, nor gun, and being perfectly unprepared for an attack. We hastened into the house to consult what was best to be done. Most of the women were dreadfully afraid, and anticipated nothing but death, or that which was more to be dreaded than death. All concluded if we remained at the station till day, we should be murdered.

I then proposed that each woman should take her own children, and take a blanket, and go into the woods apart, and there secrete ourselves till the morning.

This proposition was no sooner made, than it was rejected. The rest objected to leaving me, believing that I was best able to plan a retreat, and escape, having before been so much accustomed to those scenes of trial.

What steps to take we were at a loss to determine, for our situation was as defenceless at the river, as it was at the station; for provided we could ever gain the river; we had no craft, but a Perogue, without any thing to work it, but oars, and they were so large, that it was impossible for us to work them. I then requested two of the women to take some beds to the boat, and to take the children and put them on the beds, while I went with two more women to the boat, and placing the oars under water to prevent any noise, with a hand-saw I cut the oars in two, so that I was able to make paddles of them with a draw-knife. This being accomplished, we

all got into the perogue; but no one was able to do any thing towards managing it but Mrs. Mahaffry and myself, and we were entire strangers to the river; consequently, when we came to the point of the island, a mile below Buffalo, we ran aground, and landed on the island. Here we concluded we would spread our beds on the ground, and lie down till the morning. But we no sooner came to this conclusion, than we beheld a fire kindled on top of the bank on the Indian side of the river. We could distinctly see men walking round the fire, and hence concluded that it would not be safe to remain where we were till morning, lest we should be seen, pursued and murdered. We therefore waded into the water, and exerted ourselves till we succeeded in getting the boat back into the stream again, and went down the stream as far as Owen's station, and here again ran aground, and got into such difficulties, that we were unable to extricate ourselves from them. At the same time the sky lowered for rain, and it began thundering and lightning very dreadfully.

Here we were compelled to remain till the morning. We took the beds out of the boat, and all the company laid down, but myself and an infant at my breast. I took my station at the point of the hill, watching till morning: when the morning came, I went and awoke those who had lain down. One of the women went and called to some white men who had collected on the island to raise corn, and succeeded in making them acquainted with our distressed situation; eight or ten of whom came and released us from our dangers and fears.

The men of the station came home the next day, and came and took us back to the station. The Indians, however, committed no depredations for five or six days from this. It was supposed they found they had been detected, and therefore did not attempt any thing. At the end of five or six days they came back, and began to chase the horses within a few rods of the house. But by this time, a force of 40 men had collected at the station, and therefore we were not so apprehensive of personal injury. But we could hear them chasing the hor-

ses most of the night. Some of the horses escaped to the house, and two of them crossed Buffalo Creek, and ran to Coe's station. The men were watching, during the night on and about the house: in the morning they pursued the savages, so that they were unable to take away any horses.

This was the *last* attack the Indians ever made on the banks of the Allegheny, for plunder or murder.—From this time the frontiers enjoyed repose, and were enabled to pursue the cultivation of their soil, each man sitting under his own vine and fig tree, without molestation or dread.

In the fall of this year, having defeated the Indians, General Wayne made a treaty with them, which they have found it to be their advantage and safety to regard.

On the 17th of August, I again went back to my last winter's quarters, on Bull Creek, and still remained without neighbors, till the cold weather, when two families, one about three miles and the other about four distant, came and settled. The one, namely, Mr. Ezekiel Davy, is now living on the same plantation on which he then settled. These were the only neighbors we had till 1796.

Since those days of privation and sorrow, I have been a widow; to care for a numerous family. Vicissitude and sorrow have still marked my journey through life. But having obtained help from God, I continue to the present day; and in the midst of all my judgments I have cause to bless the name of the Lord, for his deliverance and his mercies.

CHAPTER VII.

The following narration of facts relating to the Indian War, during the period embraced in the preceding Narrative, and confirmatory to some of the facts therein recorded, was communicated to the Editor by Mr. John Clough, now living on Deer Creek, twelve miles above Pittsburgh, on the Allegheny.

I was called out as a milita man, in the year 1791, and was in the corps commanded by Captain John Craig, and was stationed on Crooked Creek, on the frontiers of Westmoreland county. While we were at Hesser station, the men were frequently ranging the wilderness, for the double purpose of hunting and spying, and had frequent intimations that Indians were near them.—Sometimes, for the purpose of decoying us, the Savages would cry as turkeys; at other times, they would whistle on a charger. Some of the planters, knowing that the station was strong, felt themselves so secure, that they remained on their own plantation, and had two or three of the men to remain with them, to defend them. Mr. John Kilpatrick remained on his plantation, and had three men for his guard. The temptation presented to the Savages, by this disposition of the whites, was too strong, and though they felt their weakness, so as not to attack the station, they felt that they were able to attack them, thus isolated. One morning, in the latter part of March, when all the family of Mr. Kilpatrick were, at home, and their guard with them, just as they had been offering their morning sacrifice of praise and thanksgiving to the God of their salvation, as one of their guards went to the door, three Savages, with their rifles cocked, and their tomahawks ready for the murderous projects, rushed forward, to enter the house; but the man, seeing his danger, fastened the door. The door was made of clapboards. The Indians then fired their rifles through the door, and wounded the man who kept the door, in his wrist, and killed a child, lying in a cradle in the house.

Mr K. and one of the militia went into the loft, made an incision in the wall, and began a fire on the Indians, and killed one of them on the spot, and then the rest made a precipitate retreat. Mrs. K. remained below, busily employed in running bullets, while her husband and his companion were firing them off.

In the year '92, as the account of Mrs. Harbison and others will testify; the Savages were very vigilant. I saw Mrs. Harbison when she was taken into Pittsburgh, immediately after her return from her captivity, that she might give in her deposition before a magistrate, and remember that she was in a most deplorable and mangled condition. I assisted in pushing her up the Allegheny river, to Coe's station, about 16 miles above Pittsburgh, in a canoe, as she was then unable to walk herself.

In August, I was out on a scout with Levi Cooper and Mrs. Harbison's husband, and ten or twelve others, when a shower of rain coming on, we sought refuge in an old cabin, and found an Indian in the act of firing upon us when we entered. Several of the scouts immediately fired upon him, and he fell dead, and John Harbison, as an act of revenge for the murder of his children, scalped him.

In '93, I was employed by General John Wilkins, on an expedition to Casawaga, or what is now called Meadville, and in La Bœuf. This spring as soon as the river broke up, we took stores up the Allegheny for the militia. The Indians were numerous, and notwithstanding Congress had made peace with Cornplanter and his party, some of the Savages were very hostile, and would not be bound by the treaty. We were in considerable danger in ascending the river, and the movements of the savages were so hostile when we arrived at our destination, that we and the inhabitants were much alarmed. General Wilkins left me here in the chargo of the stores, while he went to Pittsburgh to procure more.— He sent a canoe, laden with stores, under the command of Captain Couzens. They ascended safely to the mouth of the Kiskiminetas, when a party of Indians attacked

them. Couzens and all on board with him were killed, and the Savages took possession of the boat, and all in it.

The hostility of the Indians prevented the General from returning to me, and rendered it unsafe for me to remain by myself. I therefore left my situation for Pittsburgh, and three days after, a man was killed by an Indian as he went to the edge of the town for his cows. About the same time, Mr. William Powers was attacked and killed, and a man that was with him was wounded, but was enabled to escape by flight, between Franklin and Pittsburgh, by the White Oak Springs. Through the protection of the Supreme Ruler of the Universe, I was enabled to arrive safe at Pittsburgh.

About this time, also, the boat of Captain Shalps was attacked by the Indians, and those various calamities resulted from it, recited by Mrs. Harbison. The victory of General Wayne put an end to the depredations of those monsters, and restored peace to our frontiers.

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CHAPTER VIII.

A brief sketch of Indian origin, character, religion, government, &c. &c.

The origin, character, manners, pursuits, religion, and laws of the aborigines of this new continent, afford interesting subjects for investigation. Of their origin, we know nothing definitely. Conjecture has been frequently employed: fancy has done much, and fact but little, relative to this. The most remote account we have respecting them, goes but little beyond the period when this continent was first discovered by white men. The most probable conjecture we have is that this continent was peopled by the way of Behring's Straits. It is certain that an easy communication has existed between the two continents at this point for several centuries. But still it may be said this fact proves nothing; for it might as well be argued that the Old World received its inhabitants from the new as the contrary, and

hence we are thrown back upon hypothesis and conjecture in relation to the origin of the aborigines.

In reference to their physical chacteristics, we are not left so completely to conjecture; for the with exception of the Esquemaux, all the diversified tribes of Indians have the same grand out line of physical structure. The bronze or copper color, the straight coarse black hair, the hazel eyes, the high cheek bones, and straight erect forms, are common with them all. There is, indeed, some difference in the stature of different tribes. The Ossages are very tall; and the Shoshonees are below the middle stature. To those unaccustomed to investigations of their form and structure nearly all Indians look alike; but to those who are in habits of intercourse with them, distinctive and peculiar traits of physiognomy can be discovered in almost every tribe, with unerring certainty. Yet the difference is not so great as to induce a belief that those tribes have all sprung from different origins. Whether the Esquemaux race be of the same stock as the rest of the Indians generally, we are unable to determine. There are some striking features of difference between them. As, for instance, the Esquemaux differ from the red Indians in their complexion, stature, and in the position of the eyes, which are set obliquely in their orbits. They also, speak all one language, and derive their subsistence from the sea; while the red Indians speak a diversity of dialects, even when their language is radically the same, and never, but from absolute necessity resort to fishing, as the means of subsistence. And although the Esquemaux have the same rambling disposition which attaches itself to other Indians, yet there is this striking difference between them, they prefer the most desolate and inhospitable regions as the scenes of their rambles. Selfishness is a ruling principle with the Esquemaux, yet they seldom dispute or quarrel, and revenge is a vice scarcely known to exist among them.

The Indians in the Northern parts of North America are divided into several great families. The Algonquin or Chippeway race is one of the two most numerous

now in existence. In all the tribes of New England there is such an identity of language, manners, customs, and general physiognomy, as to induce the belief that they all sprang from the Algonquin race, r are so many branches from this general stock. The vocabulary of the Narraganset tongue, recorded by Roger Williams, proves them to have had their origin from the Algonquin race. The Mohegans who are considered the progenitors of the other tribes of New England, spoke the same language; and the tribes in the State of Maine claimed the same origin. The Delaware, or Lenni Lenape, are said to be of the same family, and their language is pronounced, by those who are capable of judging, as the most perfect in existence. The Iroquois, or Six Nations, who were once dreaded from the Atlantic to the Mississippi, and who were the principal actors in those scenes which are recorded in this volume were Algonquins. This tribe extends from the St. Lawrence to the Mississippi, and thence northward to the great Slave Lake, where they go under the names of Nayheecowawk or Knisteneaux. This once powerful family, spread out in so many branches—carrying terror and dismay wherever they wandered, has now become subdued, and in a great measure, wasted away before the march of civilization. For many years they disputed their teritory; claimed to be the Lords of the soil; watched with a jealous eye and a revengeful heart, the incessant inroads which were made upon them, showed a courage akin to desperation, but at last were obliged to bow to a power so far superior to theirs, and to intelligence which they did not possess. Nor can we blame them in defending the places of their birth and the graves of their fathers. And if the excesses which are here detailed, are abhorent to human feelings and to the general views of civilized warfare, yet there is no doubt but they were often prompted to those cruel acts by that kind of treatment and treachery which was shown to them by their white invaders.

If on the one hand, the Indians used the murderous tomahawk and scalping knife, on the other hand, the

white man employed his no less murderous rifle. If they lay in ambush and attempted to decoy by false cries, and acted treacherous and suspicious, their white enemies, also, frequently lay concealed, with their loaded rifles, to send their unerring bullet to lay low the unsuspecting savage. In fact, in the savage warfares which were carried on between the Indians and their white enemies, each party acted with a ferocity that might well be designated savage.

The Indians often have felt what is so beautifully expressed by the poet, in the following lines.

"My pleasant home, my pleasant home,
Where wild flowers grow and hunters roam,
Where are you, are you gone?
My hearth of peace and bowers of joy,
How have those last hours wandered by?
When you were pleasure's throne!

"And when the white wave meets the shore,
And breakers in their frenzy roar,
I fain must take my way;
For the cool fount and sunny hill,
And music from the passing rill,—
Oh, where, oh, where are they!

"The white man's foot has been, they say,
Where our old homes stand by the bay,
I cannot choose but sigh;
While we must weep our hearts to death,
And, marvelling at their little faith,
But lay us down—and die.

"My pleasant home! where wild flowers grow,
Ah! me, and must I leave thee so,
In my sad night of heart?
And all the sportive hours I've known,
By the rude turf and ruder stone,
Must they, too, thus depart?"

Besides the large Chippeway race, or family, of In-

dians, of which we have been speaking, there is on the western side of the Mississippi, another great family or tribe, namely, the Sioux or Dahcotah. The Dahcotah proper, inhabit the country on the west side of the Mississippi, north of the Wisconsin, to the sources of the Mississippi. Their territory extends westward to the Missouri. This tribe speaks a language radically distinct from that of the Algonquin race. Their origin is unknown. Their own traditions are at variance on this point, one with another. One account, and one by no means improbable, when we take into the account their cruelties to the aborigines, is, that they were driven from the confines of Mexico, by the Spaniards. The different branches of this great family are the Winnebagoes, the Otoes, the Ioways, the Missouries, the Assinniboins, the Omahaws, the Kansas, and the Osages. All these tribes speak dialects of the Dahcotah tongue. The Assinniboins give themselves the name of the Hohays, and are known by several other names. Their number is unknown, but they have more than a thousand fighting men. They roam over the plains from the Saskashowen to the Missouri, where they live by hunting the Buffalo. A tradition of the Winnebagoes says they were driven from the frontiers of Mexico by the Spaniards, towards whom they cherish a hereditary hatred to this day. Within the last two hundred years they were united with the Otoes, Ioways and Missouries. They are a fierce warlike people, and are said to have more national spirit than any other Indians on the frontier.—The Otoes and Missouries, now united, are celebrated among the tribes of the Missouries for their bravery.—They muster about three hundred men. The Ioways still dwell on the Mississippi, and have from 100 to 200 men. The Ossages are divided into three tribes, and can boast over a thousand warriors. We have learnt but little relative to the language, customs, manners or numbers of the Kansas, Omahaws, Sacs, Foxes, Pawnees, or Arikarees, and we know still less of those on the Columbia river and South of the Rocky Mountains.

In the South of the United States, we have four tribes, viz: Chickasaws, Choctaws, Cherokees and Creeks.—The Seminoles are a division of Creek Indians. The name Seminole signifies *wild*, and is applied by the Creeks to all vagabonds of that nation. The Seminoles a few years ago, numbered about 6000. General Jackson burnt their towns, slew their Chiefs, and dispersed those that escaped the sword. These southern tribes have made considerable progress in civilization. The Cherokees have a written and printed language, and number about 15,000 souls. Agriculture and many of the arts of civilized life have been introduced amongst them. In 1825 they possessed 79,842 domestic animals, 762 looms, 2486 Spinning wheels, 172 waggons, 2943 Ploughs, ten Saw mills, 31 Grist mills, sixty-two Blacksmith shops, eight cotton Gins, 18 Schools, &c. &c., as well as a well organised system of government. But since that time, their government has been hindered in its operations, their laws contracted by the extension of the jurisdiction of Georgia over their territory, many of their citizens have been imprisoned, and the nation has been threatened with banishment. Their missionary schools, which contained 500 children learning the English language, have been in a great measure suspended. Some of the missionaries have been imprisoned, and others have left the fields of their labor.—And the Cherokees' lands have been surveyed and divided by lottery. The government of the United States are endeavoring to effect the removal of the Cherokees from their lands, the only mode in which they can legitimately deal with them, as they have already recognized their independence by several treaties; and their rights under these treaties were confirmed by a decision of the Supreme Court of the U. States, in January, 1831.

The terms offered them are an extensive and fertile territory west of the Arkansas, to be secured to them by patent, and to be forever beyond the boundary of any State or Territory, where they are to be allowedto exercise all the powers of self-government, compatible with a general supervision by Congress over them, to appoint

an agent to reside at Washington, to send a delegate to Congress, and to be recognized when Congress shall deem proper, as *a Territory*. The general Council of the Cherokees, have declined accepting the proposal.—But it is probable, that in a short time, they will see that their only means of safety or salvation will be their compliance and removal.

The Choctaws and Chickasaws are each more numerous, but all are removing to the country west of the Mississippi river.

President Jackson in his message to Congress, Dec. 8, 1835, says in reference to the aboriginal tribes, and their removal, "In discharge of this duty, (their removal,) an extensive region has been assigned for their permanent residence. It has been divided into districts, and allotted among them. Many have already removed, and others are preparing to go, and with the exception of the small bands living in Ohio and Indiana, not exceeding fifteen hundred persons, and of the Cherokees, all the tribes on the east side of the Mississippi, and extending from Lake Michigan to Florida, have entered intoengagements which will lead to their transplantation.

"The plan of their removal and reestablishment is founded upon the knowledge we have gained of their characters and habits, and has been dictated by a spirit of enlarged liberality. A territory exceeding in extent that relinquished, has been granted to each tribe. Of its climate, fertility, and capacity to support an Indian population, the representations are highly favorable.—To these districts the Indians are removed at the expense of the U. S.; and with certain supplies of clothing, arms, and ammunition, and other indispensable articles, they are also furnished with provision for the period of a year after their arrival at their new homes. In that time, from the nature of the country, and of the products raised by them, they can subsist themselves by agricultural labor, if they choose to resort to that mode of life; if they do not, they are upon the skirts of the great prairies, where countless herds of buffalo roam, and a short time only suffices to adapt their own habits

to the changes which a change of the animals destined for their food may require. Ample arrangements have also been made for the support of schools: in some instances council houses and churches are to be erected, dwellings constructed for the Chiefs, and mills for common use. Funds have been set apart for the maintainance of the poor; the most necessary mechanical arts have been introduced, and blacksmiths, gunsmiths, wheel-rights, &c. are supported among them. Steel, Iron, and salt, are purchased for them; and ploughs, and other farming utensils, domestic animals, looms, cards, &c. are presented to them. And besides these beneficial arrangements, annuities are, in all cases paid, amounting in some instances, to more than $30 for each individual of the tribe, and in all cases sufficiently great, to enable them, in addition to their own exertions, to live comfortably.

"Such are the arrangements for the physical comfort, and moral improvement of the Indians. The necessary measures for their political advancement, and from their separation from our citizens, have not been neglected. The pledge of the United States has been given by Congress, that the country destined for the residence of this people, shall be forever "secured and guaranteed to them." A country, West of Missouri and Arkansas, has been assigned to them, into which the white settlements are not to be pushed. No political communities can be formed except those which are established by the Indians themselves, or by the United States, or with their concurrence. A barrier has thus been raised, for their protection against the encroachments of our citizens, and guarding the Indians, as far as possible, from those evils which have brought them to their present condition. Summary authority has been given, by law, to destroy all ardent spirits found in the country, without waiting the doubtful result and slow progress of a legal seizure. I consider the absolute and unconditional interdiction of this article, among these people, as the first great step in their amelioration. Half way measures will answer no purpose. These cannot successful-

ly contend against the cupidity of the seller, and the overpowering appetite of the buyer. And the destructive effects of the traffic are marked in every page of our Indian intercourse.

"Some general legislation seems necessary for the regulation of the relations which will exist in this new state of things, between the Government and People of the U. S. and these transplanted Indian tribes; and for the establishment among the latter, and with their own consent, of some principles of intercommunication, which their juxtaposition will call for; that moral may be substituted for physical force; the authority of a few simple laws, for the tomahawk; and that an end may be put to those bloody wars, whose prosecutions seem to have made part of their social system.

"After the further details of this arrangement are completed, with a very general supervision over them, they ought to be left to the progress of events. These, I indulge the hope, will secure their prosperity and improvement; and a large portion of the moral debt we owe them will be paid."

Such are the views and anticipations of the general government, relative to the removal and permanent abodes of these children of the forest. Happy will it be for them, if by these means, they are saved from destruction, and can only obtain a permanent home where they will be free from the influence of the cupidity of the whites. Intercourse with the whites has hitherto been far from advantageous to the Indians. They have learnt all the vices of the civilized state, without its virtues. They have uniformly resisted all attempts to civilize them, when they could support themselves by the chase. The Southern Indians, and the remnants of the Six Nations, who have been hemmed in by the whites, and circumscribed in their limits, so as to be unable to live by hunting, have turned their attention to agriculture for subsistence. But these agricultural pursuits, and this civilized mode of existence are not to be found among them, where there is any possibility of supporting life without them.

The hospitality of the Indians is proverbial, and is among their most striking qualities. In any of the tribes, a stranger is received with the utmost respect and attention. On his arrival, he is served with the best in the wigwam, seated on the best seat, and treated with the utmost respect and attention. His person and property are accounted sacred. No insult must be offered to him nor any advantage taken of him. He may remain as long as he pleases in a wigwam, without any questions being asked him, and retire unopposed.—Feasts are made for him, and though his appetite may be satisfied, to refuse any thing set before him, gives great offence.

With almost all the Indian tribes the sole care of the men is to provide food and to train for war. The labour is the exclusive lot of the women. The use of the axe or hoe is considered beneath the dignity of the male sex. It belongs to the females to plant and cultivate corn, to make and mend garments and mocasins, to build and pitch tents, cut wood, bring water, to tend horses and dogs, and on a march to carry the baggage. The women do not murmur at this, but consider it a natural and eqitable distribution of family cares. They are regarded as an inferior race, and are often transferred as property. Polygamy is general, as every man has as many wives as he can support, and, in marriages, the will of the bride is seldom or never, consulted. A man directs himself indirectly, to the parents of his intended wife, and her fate depends upon their will, and pleasure. Instead of the man's receiving any dowry with his wife, he has to present presents, to her parents, in order to secure her. Where there is any marriage ceremony, it is always very simple; but amongst most of the Indian tribes there is none at all. Adultery, among some tribes, is punished by mutilating the offending female; among others, it is regarded as a venial fault; and very many of the men, will lend their wives to their friends, without any resistance on the part of the women. Divorces are frequent among them, and depend upon the will of the parties. Among some of the tribes,

it is held the duty of the men, to marry all the sisters of the family, and to have as many wives, as they are able to support. Notwithstanding, instances of devoted attachment, are not uncommon. Who can help reflecting upon this view of the Indian character, how high the females of civilized life, are distinguished. What a contrast between their situation, and the degraded condition of Indian females. How much do our females owe to the benigning influences of the Gospel of Jesus Christ! And under what obligations, ought they to feel themselves, to extend its blessed influences, so that all, may feel its meliorating and happy effects.

All Indians of whom we have any knowledge, believe in one Supreme God, and the immortality of the Soul. They attribute all good that exists, and all power, to the Supreme Being. Many tribes also believe in the existence of one intelligent evil principle, whose ill offices they endeavor to avert, by prayer, and sacrifices. They never ask the Supreme Being for any thing, but merely return thanks for benefits received, saying *that he is the best judge*, for what is for their advantage.

They believe in many subordinate Deities, two of whom, reside in the Sun, and Moon. They attribute supernatural powers, to all serpents, particularly, rattlesnakes, and will kill no animal of the genus. Even the eel escapes, on the account of its resemblance to the serpent. They pay religious honors to Rocks, and venerable objects. They believe that brutes have immortal Souls, as well as men, and, in short, that all animated nature, teems with spirits.

In their belief, Sorcery, is blended with the healing art, and their Priests, are also Physicians, and jugglers. These Priests, practice feats of sleight of hand, with all their religious ceremonies; but with a few exceptions, they have no power, or influence, over the multitude.—Beings, who have such rude notions of the Divinity, may naturally be supposed, to entertain errroneous notions of worship, here, and the reality, and nature of enjoyment, of a future world. Hence, the future state of the Indians, is a material paradise, where they will follow the

same occupations, and enjoy the same delights, they have experienced in this world. As their notions of future happiness are so vague, and uncertain; so grovelling and earthly; so their ideas of future punishments, for sins, committed in the body, are also uncertain, and indefinite.

It is said that among the superstitions of the Algonquin, and Dahcotah tribes, is a very singular one. "A man is sometimes devoted, by his parents, or himself to a life of ignomy. In this case he dresses like a woman, and performs all female avocations. He sometimes takes a husband. He is held in utter contempt by all although his condition, be not of his own choice. This condition, is frequently owing to a dream of his parents, while he is yet unborn. Thus by the force of superstition, those watched beings are devoted to a life of degradation, and ignominy; and, by the same principle, are made, cheerfully, to endure their wretched fate.

In many tribes, men have what they call their *medicine bags*. These bags are filled with bones, feathers, and other rubbish. To their preservation of these bags, they attach much importance. Besides the medicine bags, each holds some particular animal in reverence, which he calls his *medicine*, and which he can by no means be induced to kill, or to eat, when killed, for fear of some trouble or misfortune. Moreover the Indians leave tobacco, worn-out clothing, and other articles, on rocks, as sacrifices to invisible spirits.

Washington Irving, in his life of Columbus, gives the following account of the religion of the Indians in the south:—

"It was a custom with Columbus, in all remarkable places which he visited, to erect crosses in conspicuous stations, to denote the discovery of the country, and its subjugation to the true faith. He ordered a large cross of wood, therefore, to be elevated on the bank of this river. This was done on a Sunday morning, with great ceremony, and the celebration of a solemn mass. When Columbus disembarked for this purpose, he was met on the shore by the cacique and his principal favorite, a

venerable Indian, fourscore years of age, of grave and dignified deportment. The old man brought a string of a certain kind of beads, to which the Indians attached a mystic value, and a calabash of a delicate kind of fruit; these he presented to the admiral in token of amity. He and the cacique then took him by the hand, and proceeded with him to the grove, where preparation had been made for the celebration of the mass. A multitude of the natives followed. While mass was preparing in this natural temple, the Indians looked on with awe and reverence; perceiving by the tones and gesticulation of the priest, the lighted tapers, the smoking incense, and the devotion of the Spaniards, that it must be a ceremony of a sacred and mysterious nature. When the service was ended, the old man of fourscore, who had contemplated the whole with profound attention, approached Columbus, and made him an oration in the Indian manner.

"This, which thou hast been doing," said he, "is well; for it seems to be thy manner of giving thanks to God. I am told that thou hast lately come to these lands with a mighty force, and hast subdued many countries, spreading great fear among the people; but be not therefore, vainglorious. Know that, according to our belief, the souls of men have two journeys to perform, after they have departed from the body: one to a place, dismal and foul, and covered with darkness; prepared for those who have been unjust and cruel to their fellowmen; the other pleasant and full of delight, for those who have promoted peace on earth. If, then, thou art mortal and dost expect to die, and dost believe that each one shall be rewarded according to his deeds, beware that thou wrongfully hurt no man, nor do harm to those who have done no harm to thee."

It is questionable whether the Priest; who offered up the mass, could have pronounced a discourse so strongly indicative of good sense, as that of this untotored savage.

Mr. Irving, in another place, gives a more particu-

lar account of the religion of the aboriginal inhabitants of the island of Hayti.

"Columbus had at first indulged in the error that the natives of Hayti were destitute of all notions of religion; and he consequently flattered himself that it would be the easier to introduce into their minds the doctrines of Christianity; not aware that it is more difficult to light up the fire of devotion in the cold heart of an Atheist, than to direct the flame to a new object when it is already kindled. There are few beings, however, so destitute of reflection, as not to be impressed with the conviction of an overruling Deity. A nation of Atheists never existed. It was soon discovered that these islanders had their creed, though of a vague and simple nature. They believed in one Supreme Being, who inhabited the sky, who was immortal, omnipotent, and invisible: to whom they ascribed an origin; who had a mother, but no father. They never addressed their worship directly to him, but employed inferior deities, called Zemes, as messengers and mediators. Each cacique had his tutelar deity of this order, whom he invoked and pretended to consult in all his public undertakings, and who was reverenced by his people. He had a house apart as a temple to this deity, in which was an image of his Zemi, carved of wood, or stone, or shaped of clay, and generally of some monstrous and hideous form. Each family and each individual had likewise a particular Zemi, or protecting genius, like the Lares and Penates of the ancients. They were placed in every part of their houses, or carved on their furniture; some had them of a small size, and bound them about their forehead when they went to battle. They believed their Zemes to be transferable with all their powers, and often stole them from each other. When the Spaniards came among them, they often hid their idols, lest they should be taken away. They believed that these Zemes presided over every object in nature, each having a particular charge of government. They influenced the seasons and the elements causing sterile or abundant years, exciting hurricanes and whirlwinds, and

tempests of rain and thunder, or sending sweet and temperate breezes and fruiful showers. They governed the seas and forests; the springs and fountains, like the Nereids, the Dryads, and the Satyrs of antiquity. They gave success in hunting and fishing; they guided the waters of the mountains into safe channels, and led them down to wander through the plains in gentle brooks and peaceful rivers, or, if incensed, they caused them to burst forth into rushing torrents and overwhelming floods, inundating and laying waste the valleys.

"The natives had their Butois, or priests, who pretended to hold communion with these Zemes. They practised vigorous fasts and ablutions; and inhaled the powder or drank the infusion of a certain herb, which produced a temporary intoxication or delirium. In the course of this process, they professed to have trances and visions, and that the Zemes revealed to them future events, or instructed them in the treatment of maladies. They were, in general, great herbalists, and well acquainted with the medicinal properties of trees and vegetables. They cured diseases through their knowledge of simples, but always with many mysterious rites and ceremonies and supposed charms; chanting and burning a light in the chamber of the patient, and pretending to exercise the malady, to expel it from the mansion, and to send it to the sea or to the mountains.

"Their bodies were painted or tattoed with figures of the Zemes, which were regarded with horror by the Spaniards, as so many representations of the Devil; and the butois, esteemed as saints by the natives, were abhorred by the former as necromancers. These butios often assisted the caciques in practising deceptions upon their subjects, speaking oracularly through the Zemes, by means of hollow tubes: inspiring the Indians to battle by predicting success, or dealing forth such promises or menaces as might suit the purposes of the chieftains.

"Besides the Zemes, each cacique had three idols or talismans, which were held in great reverence by themselves and their subjects. One they supposed had the

power to produce abundant harvests, another to remove all pain from the women in travail, and the third to call forth rain and sunshine when either was required.—Three of these were sent home by Columbus to the sovereigns.

"The ideas of the natives with respect to the creation were vague and undefined. They gave their own island, Hayti, priority of existence over all others, and believed that the sun and moon originally issued out of a cavern in the island, to give light to the world. This cavern still exists, about seven or eight leagues from Cape Francois. It is about one hundred and fifty feet deep, and nearly the same in height, but very narrow. It receives no light but from the entrance, and from a round hole in the roof, from whence it was said that the sun and moon issued forth to take their places in the sky.—The vault was so fair and regular, that it appeared the work of art, rather than of nature. In the time of Charlevoix, the figures of various Zemes were still to be seen cut in the rocks; and there were the remains of niches, as if to receive statues. This cavern was held in great veneration. It was painted and adorned with green branches, and other simple decorations. There were in it two images or Zemes. When there was a want of rain, the natives made pilgrimages and processions to it, with songs and dances, bearing offerings of fruits and flowers.

It is, we believe, impossible to estimate the number of North American Indians with any degree of certainty or accuracy. Their number, however, is very small throughout in proportion to the almost unlimited extent of territory which they have occupied; but a hunting people cannot be very numerous. Their wars, which have been so often detailed; and which, at first, we are apt to suppose must tend greatly to depopulate them, do not materially affect them. These wars are carried on in detail by small parties, and consequently are not very destructive. There is much savage cruelty manifested by them in their wars with each other. They seldom give any quarter, and if a prisoner should be spared

when taken, it is that he may be adopted by the conquering tribe. He must no longer hope to return to his family and tribe again. Indeed, the warfare which they carry on among themselves, is as bitter and exterminating, as savage and relentless, as that which they have pursued with the whites. The tribes that inhabit the prairies go to war on horse-back, and their weapons are spears, bows and arrows. Those who inhabit the forests are generally armed with guns. Their courage is moral, and passive, rather than active. They think it cowardice to be afflicted with calamity, or to give way to passion or feeling. To be always ready and willing to die, and to suffer whatever may befall them, with constancy, is their idea of the perfection of courage.

Government among the Indian tribes is a principle wholly neglected, as there may be said to be none among them. They have no system of organized laws, no jurisprudence to regulate them in matters of civil policy. Yet there are customs, which every individual scrupulously observes. As for instance, in the case of murder, blood for blood, is the rule which is generally observed; and the homicide rarely shuns the penalty of his deed. Should he attempt it, the relatives of the deceased feel it to be obligatory upon them to revenge their friend's blood. This feeling of revenging the blood of the slain, is carried to such lengths that frequently the accident is revenged as well as the deliberate murder.

They have Chiefs, but the power of these is limited to persuasion. They can command no one. These chiefs attain to their dignity in different ways in different tribes. Most generally, a Chief becomes such, by virtue of his achievements in war, or by his wisdom.—Some feat of noble daring gives him distinction and preeminence among his tribe, and all delight to honor him. In some tribes, there is something like hereditary rank; but even then, authority does not descend in a direct line. The son of a chief is often set aside to make way for one that is more worthy. It was left to the folly of more civilized nations to bow the neck to the yoke of hereditary weakness and crime. Savages are not guil-

ty of such consummate madness as to surrender the management of all they hold dear or sacred to a man, be he foolish or wise, be he sane or mad, merely because he chances to be the son of a King or Chief.

In war, implicit obedience is given to the individual who has been selected as their commander or leader.—The Indians can never be dangerous, as there is no union among them, unless, by their removal beyond the Mississippi, they amalgamate their tribes, and become one nation. But in all probability ages will roll away before any thing will be apprehended from such a union.

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CHAPTER IX.

From the time the venerable founder of the Province of Pennsylvania turned his attention to this New World, to escape the iron hand of persecution, which had fallen heavily upon him in the old one, he seems to have contemplated the welfare of all connected with him, as well as to cherish a desire to promote that equity and liberty which ought to characterize the governments of nations. William Penn turned his attention towards a settlement in this country, as a place where himself and his friends might enjoy their religious opinions without molestation, and where an example might be set to the nations, of a just and righteous government. "*There may be room there*," says he, "*though not here, for such a holy experiment.*" Having obtained the grant of a charter from Charles II., in 1781, for a province in North America, and thereby possessed a title sufficiently valid for all purposes of government in the estimation of the world, he might have entered upon his new territory, and subjugated by force all who might have dared to resist him. But instead of this, he wrote to the Indian natives, informing them of his desire to hold his possessions with their consent and good will. And when he came among them, he did not come as a conqueror and tyrant, to

subdue and enslave them, but as a friend, to treat with them, and to promote their welfare.

From the year 1682, when Mr. Penn first came to this country, to 1700, there were many treaties made with the Indians in reference to the purchase of their lands; and in September, 1700, the Susquehanna Indians granted to him all their lands on both sides of the river. But in conjunction with the Shawanese, and Potomac Indians, they entered into articles of agreement, by which they were permitted to settle about the head of Potomac river, in the province of Pennsylvania. The Conestoga Chiefs, also, in 1701, ratified the grant of the Susquehanna Indians, made the preceding year.

In 1708, Mr. Penn obtained from the Chiefs of the country a confirmation of the grants made by former Indians, of all the lands from Duck creek, in the present State of Delaware, to the mountains, and from the river Delaware to the Susquehanna. In this deed the Chiefs declared that they had seen, and heard read, divers prior deeds, which had been given to Mr. Penn by former Chiefs; all which they then ratified and confirmed on behalf of themselves and their respective nations.

From this period an almost uninterrupted friendship seems to have existed between the Indians and the inhabitants of Pennsylvania, until the year 1754. At this period the French had stirred up the Indians in the back country, and an Indian war commenced.

About ten years after that, when "many," says Mr. Proud, "who had been continually flocking into the province, in later years, having from their inexperience and ignorance, too despicable an opinion of that people, and treating them accordingly, were by this conduct foolishly enraged against the whole species indiscriminately; insomuch, that in the latter part of the year 1763, calling to their aid the madness of the wildest enthusiasm, with which, under pretence of religion, certain most furious zealots among the preachers of a numerous sect, in the province, could inspire their hearers, to cover their barbarity, a number of not improperly named *arm-*

ed demi-savages, inhabitants of Lancaster county, principally from the townships of Paxtang and Donnegal, and their neighborhood, committed the most horrible *massacre*, that ever was heard of in this, or perhaps, any other province, with impunity! and under the notion of extirpating the heathen from the earth, as Joshua did of old, that these saints might possess the land alone," &c. Thus begins the narrative.

"These Indians were the remains of a tribe of the Six Nations, settled at Conestogoe, and thence called Conestogoe Indians. On the first arrival of the English in Pennsylvania, messengers from this tribe came to welcome them, with presents of venison, corn and skins; and the whole tribe entered into a treaty of friendship with the first Proprietary, William Penn; *which was to last as long as the sun should shine, or the waters run in the rivers.*

This treaty has been since frequently renewed, and the *chain brightened*, as they express it, from time to time. It has never been violated on their part or ours, till now. As their lands, by degrees, were mostly purchased, and the settlement of the white people began to surround them, the proprietor assigned them lands on the manor of Conestogoe, which they might not part with; there they have lived many years, in friendship with their white neighbors, who loved them for their peaceable, inoffensive behaviour.

It has always been observed, that Indians, settled in the neighborhood of white people, do not increase, but diminish continually. This tribe accordingly went on diminishing, till there remained in their town, on the manor, but twenty persons, namely, seven men, five women, and eight children, boys and girls.

Of these, Shehaes was a very old man, having assisted at the second treaty, held with them by Mr. Penn, in 1701; and ever since continued a faithful friend to the English; he is said to have been an exceeding good man, considering his education, being naturally of a most kind, benevolent temper.

This little society continued the custom they had be-

gun, when more numerous, of addressing every new Governor, and every descendant of the first Proprietary, welcoming him to the province, assuring him of their fidelity, and praying a continuance of that favor and protection, which they had hitherto experienced. They had accordingly sent up an address of this kind to our present Governor (John Penn, Esquire) on his arrival; but the same was scarcely delivered when the unfortunate catastrophe happened which we are about to relate.

On Wednesday, the 14th of December, 1763, fifty-seven men from some of our frontier townships, who had projected the destruction of this little commonwealth, came all well mounted, and armed with firelocks, hangers and hatchets, having travelled through the country in the night to Conestogoe manor. There they surrounded the small village of Indian huts, and just at break of day, broke in upon them all at once. Only three men, two women, and a young boy were found at home; the rest being out among the neighboring white people; some to sell their baskets, brooms and bowls, they manufactured, and others, on other occasions.— These poor defenceless creatures were immediately fired upon, stabbed and hatcheted to death! The good Shehaes, among the rest, cut to pieces in his bed! All of them were *scalped*, and otherwise horribly mangled.— Then their huts were set on fire, and most of them burned down.

The Magistrates of Lancaster sent to collect the remaining Indians, brought them into the town, for their security against any further attempt; and, it is said, condoled with them on the misfortune, that had happened, took them by the hand, and *promised them protection.*

They were put into the work house, a strong building, as the place of greatest safety.

These cruel men again assembled themselves, and hearing that the remaining fourteen Indians were in the work-house at Lancaster, they suddenly appeared before that town, on the 27th of December. Fifty of them

armed as before, dismounting, went directly to the work-house, and by violence broke open the door, and entered with the utmost fury in their countenances. When the poor wretches saw they had *no protection* nigh, nor could possibly escape, and being without the least weapon of defence, they divided their little families, the children clinging to their parents; they fell on their faces, protested their innocence, declared their love to the English, and that in their whole lives they had never done them injury; and in this posture they all received the hatchet! Men, women and children were every one inhumanly murdered in cold blood!

The barbarous men, who committed the attrocious fact, in defiance of government, of all laws, human and divine, and, to the eternal disgrace of their country and colour, then mounted their horses, huzzaed in triumph, as if they had gained a victory, and rode off unmolested!

The bodies of the murdered were then brought out, and exposed in the street, till a hole could be made in the earth, to receive and cover them. But the wickedness cannot be covered, and the guilt will lie on the whole land, till justice is done on the *murderers. The blood of the innocent will cry to heaven for vengeance.*

Notwithstanding the proclamations and endeavors of the Governor on the occasion, the murderers having given out such threatenings against those that disapproved their proceedings, that the whole country seems to be in terror, and no one durst speak what he knows—even the letters from thence are unsigned, in which any dislike is expressed of the rioters.'"

Mr. Proud adds to the above narrative, that "So far had the infection spread, which caused this action, and so much had fear seized the minds of the people, or perhaps both, that neither the printer nor the writer of this publication, though supposed to be as Franklin and Hall were at that time, and men of the first character in their way, did not insert either their names, or places of abode in it! It was printed while the insurgents were preparing to advance towards Philadelphia, or on

their way thither; it appeared to have some effect, in preventing the threatened consequence, by exciting an exertion of endeavors, in the citizens, for that purpose; and being a relation of real facts, though written in a hurry, it was never answered or contradicted."

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CHAPTER X.

Western Settlement, French and Indian War, Braddock's Defeat, &c. &c.

It was not until about the middle of the 18th century that there were any English settlements lying west of the Allegheny mountains. Even the most adventurous traders from Virginia and Pennsylvania rarely penetrated beyond the head waters of the Ohio river; and the spot where Pittsburgh now stands, was, for a long time, an extreme frontier point, where the white fur traders and the western Indians were accustomed to meet and exchange their commodities. All beyond was an unexplored wilderness, which was known only as the abode of savages, and as occupying certain degrees of latitude and longitude upon the map. Shortly before the old French war of 1755, this spot was occupied by the French, and a fort erected, which, in honor of the commander, was called Du Quesne. The possession of this fortress was keenly debated during the earlier years of this war, and was soon rendered memorable by the disastrous expeditions of Braddock and Grant.

The peace which was made in 1748, was but for a short period. The population of the thirteen colonies at that time amounted to one million one hundred thousand. Before they had time to reap the benefits of the peace, their prospects were again clouded, and the sound of war again filled the land with general anxiety and distress.

On the 18th of May, 1756, Great Britain declared

war against France. This war was generally called the French and Indian war, and was occasioned by the encroachments of the French upon Nova Scotia, which had been ceded to Great Britain, by the 12th article of the treaty of Utrecht.

About this time a company of English traders established trading houses upon the banks of the Ohio. The French seized some of the traders, and conveyed them prisoners to Canada. A tribe of Indians on the Ohio, among whom the Indians had been trading, resented the seizure, and by way of retaliation, took several French traders, and sent them to Pennsylvania. The Ohio company complained to Dinwiddie, Governor of Virginia, who laid the subject before the Assembly, which ordered a messenger to be despatched to the French commander.

The French at this time possessed Canada, and had made considerable settlements in Florida, claiming the country on both sides of the Mississippi, by right of discovery. To secure and extend their claims, they established a line of forts from Canada to Florida. They had secured the important pass at Niagara, and erected a fort at the junction of the Allegheny and Monongahela rivers. They took pains to secure the good will and alliance of the savages, and then made encroachments upon the English, and mutual injuries succeeded. The messenger that was selected by Governor Dinwiddie to perform the arduous and hazardous task of carrying the complaints of French aggressions to the French commander, and to require him to march his troops away, and thus quit the country, was young Mr. Washington, then a lad of between 20 and 21 years of age. Hearing of the decision of the Legislature, he waited on his excellency and offered his services, but not without much fear lest his boyish appearance would operate against him. The Governor was so charmed with his appearance, so struck with his intrepidity, and yet pleased with his modesty, that he never mentioned a word respecting his age, but gave him a commission, and thanked him for "A NOBLE YOUTH." The next day, accompanied

with three individuals, he set out on his expedition—an expedition, from its commencement to its consummation, as disagreeable and dangerous as any thing Hercules himself could have wished. Soaking rains, chilling blasts, roaring floods, pathless woods, and mountains clad in snow, opposed his course; but opposed in vain. His youth, fire and patriotic ardour bore him safely through. He delivered to the French commander the message entrusted to his care, explained the nature of his mission, received the Frenchman's answer, and returned home.

Returning homewards, he was waylaid and shot at by a French Indian, and although the savage was not 15 paces from him when he fired, yet a merciful Providence preserved him unharmed for that usefulness and immortality for which he had destined him. Such was the fidelity and judgment with which he executed his mission, both with the French and Indians, that on his return home he received the most hearty thanks of the Governor and Council, for the very important services which he had rendered his country.

As no disposition was indicated to comply with the requisition which had been made, a regiment was raised to maintain the rights of the British Crown, and Mr. Washington was appointed its Lieutenant Colonel. On the death of the Colonel, Mr. Fry, he succeeded to the command. The regiment consisted of four hundred men. With this handful of brave fellows, Col. Washington boldly pushed out into the Indian country, and there, for a considerable time, maintained the war against three times the number of French and Indians.

At the Red-Stones he came up with a strong party of the enemy, whom he engaged and effectually defeated, after having killed and taken thirty-one men. From his prisoners he obtained undoubted intelligence, that the French forces on the Ohio consisted of upwards of a thousand regulars, and many hundreds of Indians.

But notwithstanding this disheartening advice, he still pressed on undauntedly against the enemy, and at a place called Little Meadows, built a fort, which he called Fort

Necessity. Here he waited, hourly and anxiously looking for succours from New York and Pennsylvania; but he looked in vain—nobody came to his assistance. Not long after this his small force, now reduced to three hundred men, were attacked by an army of 1100 French and Indians. Never did the true V rginian valor shine more gloriously than on this trying occasion.

To see three hundred young fellows—commanded by a smooth-faced boy—all unaccustomed to the terrors of war—far from home, and from all hopes of help—shut up in a dreary wilderness, and surrounded by four times their number of savage foes, and yet, without sign of fear, without thought of surrender, preparing for mortal combat. Oh! it was a noble sight!—Scarcely since the days of Leonidas, and his three hundred deathless Spartans, had the sun beheld its equal. With hideous whoops and yells the enemy came on like a host of tigers. The woods, and rocks, and tall tree tops, (as the Indians, climbing to the tops of the trees, poured down their bullets into the fort,) were in one continued blaze and crash of fire-arms.

Nor were our young warriors idle, but, animated by their gallant chief, plied their rifles with such spirit, that their little fort resembled a volcano in full blast, roaring and discharging thick sheets of liquid fire, and of leaden deaths among their foes. For three glorious hours, Salamander like, enveloped in smoke and flame, they sustained the attack of the enemy's whole force, and laid two hundred of them dead on the spot. Discouraged by such desperate resistance, the French general, the Count de Villiers, sent in a flag to Washington, extolling his gallantry to the skies, and offering him the most honorable terms. It was stipulated that Col. Washington and his little band of heroes, should march away with all the honors of war, and carry with them their military stores and baggage.

The conduct of the French against the Ohio company soon reached England. The English were convinced that their claims to the country through which that river flows must be relinquished, or maintained by the

sword. They soon chose the latter, and early in the spring of 1755, they despatched Gen. Braddock with a respectable force to America, to expel the French, and keep possession of the territory.

In April, Braddock met the governors of several provinces to confer upon the plan of the ensuing campaign. Three expeditions were resolved upon; one against Du Quesne, to be commanded by General Braddock; one against Forts Niagara and Frontenac, to be commanded by Governor Shirley; and one against Crown Point, by General Johnson. This last expedition was to be executed by troops raised in New England and New York.

In the spring of 1755, Washington, while busied in the highest military operations, was summoned to attend Gen. Braddock, who, in the month of February, arrived at Alexandria with 2000 British troops. The Assembly of Virginia appointed eight hundred provincials to join him. The object of this army was to march thro' the country by the way of Will's Creek, to Fort Du Quesne, (now Pittsburgh, or Fort Pitt.) As no person was so well acquainted with the frontier country as Washington, and none stood so high in military fame, it was thought he would be infinitely serviceable to Gen. Braddock.

At the request of the governor and council, he cheerfully quitted his own command, to act as volunteer aide-de-camp to that very imprudent and unfortunate general. The army, nearly three thousand strong, marched from Alexandria, and proceeded unmolested within a few miles of Fort Pitt. On the morning of the day in which they expected to arrive, the provincial scouts discovered a large party of French and Indians lying in ambush. Washington, with his usual modesty, observed to Gen. Braddock what sort of enemy he had now to deal with. An enemy who would not, like the Europeans, come forward to a fair contest in the field, but, concealed behind rocks and trees, carry on a deadly warfare with their rifles. He concluded with begging that Gen. Braddock would grant him the honor to let him

place himself at the head of the Virginia riflemen, and fight them in their own way. And it was generally thought that our young hero, and his eight hundred hearts of hickory, would very easily have beaten them too, for they were not superior to the force which (with only three hundred) he had handled so roughly a twelve month before.

But, Gen. Braddock, who had all along treated the American officers and soldiers with infinite contempt, instead of following this truly salutary advice, swelled and reddened with most unmanly rage. "High times, by G–d," he exclaimed, strutting to and fro, with arms a-kimbo, "High times! when a young buckskin can teach a British general how to fight!"

Washington withdrew, biting his lips with grief and indignation, to think what numbers of brave fellows would draw short breath that day, through the pride and obstinacy of one epauletted fool. The troops were ordered to *form*, and advance in *columns*, through the woods!!—In a little time, the ruin which Washington had predicted ensued. This poor devoted army, pushed on by their mad-cap general, fell into the fatal snare which was laid for them. All at once a thousand rifles began the work of death. The ground was instantly covered with the dying and the dead.

The British troops, thus slaughtered by hundreds, and by an enemy whom they could not see, were thrown irrecoverably into panic and confusion, and, in a few minutes, their haughty general, with 1200 of his brave but unfortunate countrymen, bit the ground. Poor Braddock closed the tragedy with great decency. He was mortally wounded in the beginning of the action, and Washington had him placed in a cart ready for retreat. Close on the left, where the weight of the French and Indian fire principally fell, Washington and his Virginia riflemen, dressed in blue, sustained the shock. At every discharge of their rifles, the wounded general cried out, "O my brave Virginia blues! Would to God I could live to reward you for such gallantry." But he died. Washington buried him in the road, and, to save

him from discovery, and tho scalping knife, ordered the wagons on their retreat, to drive over his grave! O, God! what is man? Even a thing of nought!

Amidst all this fearful consternation and carnage, amidst all the uproars and horrors of a rout, rendered still more dreadful by the groans of the dying, the screams of the wounded, the piercing shrieks of the women, and the yells of the furious assaulting savages.—Washington, calm and self-collected, rallied his faithful riflemen, led them to the charge, killed numbers of the enemy, who were rushing on with tomahawks, checked their pursuit, and brought off the shattered remains of the British army.

With respect to our beloved Washington, we cannot but mention here two very extraordinary speeches that were uttered about him at this time, and which, as things have turned out, look a good deal like prophecies. A famous Indian warrior, who assisted in the defeat of Braddock, was often heard to swear, that Washington was not born to be killed by a bullet; "for," continued he, "I had seventeen fair fires at him with my rifle, and after all, I could not bring him to the ground." And, indeed, whoever considers that a good rifle, levelled by a proper marksman, hardly ever misses its aim, will readily enough conclude, with this unlettered savage, that some invisible hand must have turned aside his bullets.

The Rev. Mr. Davies, in a sermon occasioned by Gen. Braddock's defeat, has these remarkable words—"I beg leave to point the attention of the public to that heroic youth, Colonel George Washington, whom I cannot but hope providence has preserved for some great service to this country."

Notwithstanding their complete victory over General Braddock, the Indians have but very poor ideas of discipline. Their military principles are few and simple, but remarkable for sagacity, and singularly adapted to the warfare in which they are generally engaged. Caution, perhaps, rather than boldness, is the leading feature of their system. To destroy their enemy, at the

least possible risk to themselves, is their great object.

They must not, however, be supposed to be entirely destitute of discipline. Their manœuvres are few, but in performing them, they are peculiarly alert, ready, and intelligent. In forming a line—in protecting their flanks, by bodies arranged "en potence," or in forming a large hollow square, for the purpose of making head against a superior force, they are said, by those who have been with them, and have become well acquainted with their tactics, to be inferior to no troops in the world.

Each movement is indicated by a loud whoop, of a peculiar intonation, from their leader, and is irregularly, but rapidly obeyed. The result is order, although during the progress of the movement the utmost confusion to all appearance prevails.

After the memorable defeat above recorded, the Indians were free in expressing their views and opinions of their enemies, and their mode of warfare. Nothing astonished them more than the pertinacity with which Braddock adhered to European tactics. They often assured their prisoners that the Long Knives were fools; that they could neither fight nor run away; but drew themselves up in close order, and stood still, as if to give their enemies the best possible opportunity of shooting them down at their leisure.

The conduct of Gen. Grant also, at Fort Du Quesne, gave the Indians much perplexity. A venerable Caughnewaughga Chief, who had in his youth been a renowned warrior and counsellor, and who was said to have excelled all his cotemporaries in sagacity and benevolence, frequently said that Grant's conduct was to him totally inexplicable. General Grant formed the advance of General Forbes, in 1757. He marched with great secrecy and celerity through the woods, and appeared upon the hill above Du Quesne in the night. Here he encamped, and by way of bravado, caused the drums to beat, and the bagpipes to play, as if to inform the enemy of his arrival. At day light he was surrounded by Indians; who, creeping up under cover of the bushes, gul-

lies, &c. nearly annihilated his army without any sensible loss to themselves.

The old chief above named, remarked upon this conduct: "That as the great art of war consisted in ambushing and surprising your enemy, and preventing yourself from being surprised, Grant had acted like a skilful warrior, in coming secretly upon them; but that his subsequent conduct, in giving the alarm to the enemy, instead of falling upon him with the bayonet, was very extraordinary. He could only account for it, he said, but by supposing that Grant, like too many other warriors, was fond of rum, and had become drunk about day light."

Gen. Forbes had been appointed to the command of the army at the southward. He advanced with great rapidity, activity and labor, to the conquest of Fort Du Quesne. About eight thousand men had been placed under his command, for the accomplishment of that purpose. In June the General marched from Philadelphia to the junction of the two rivers at the head of the majestic Ohio.

An attack, however, was needless, the fort having been deserted by the garrison the evening before the arrival of the army. General Forbes took quiet possession of the place, repaired the fort, and named it Fort Pitt, after the honorable Secretary Pitt.

General Forbes was a vigilant and brave commander. But the incredible fatigues of this campaign so broke up his constitution, that he returned to Philadelphia, in a very enfebled state of health; when, after languishing a short time, he died, universally lamented.

The various successes which attended the British and the Colonial arms this year, eventuated in the entire reduction of Canada to the British government. One of the most favorable occurrences which had its influence in the accomplishment of this very important event, was a general treaty and pacification with all the Indian nations inhabiting between the Appallachian mountains, and the Lakes. This was completed at Easton, on the eighth of October.

CHAPTER XI.

Adventures of Capt. Daniel Boon, comprising an account of the Wars with the Indians on the Ohio, from 1769 *to* 1782; *written by himself.*

"It was on the first of May, 1769, that I resigned my domestic happiness, and left my family and peaceable habitation on the Yadkin river, in North Carolina, to wander through the wilderness of America, in quest of the country of Kentucky, in company with John Finley, John Stuart, Joseph Holden, James Monay and William Cool.

"On the 7th June, after travelling in a western direction, we found ourselves on Red river, where John Finley had been trading with the Indians, and from the top of an eminence saw with pleasure the beautiful level of Kentucky. For some time we had experienced the most uncomfortable weather. We now encamped, made a shelter to defend us from the inclement season, and began to hunt and reconnoitre the country. We found abundance of wild beasts in this vast forest. The buffaloes were more numerous than cattle on their settlements, browsing on the leaves of the cane, or croping the herbage on these extensive plains. We saw hundreds in a drove, and the numbers about the salt springs were amazing. In this forest, the habitation of beasts of every American kind, we hunted with great success until December.

"On the 22d of December, John Stewart and I had a pleasing ramble; but fortune changed the day at the close of it. We passed through a great forest, in which stood myriads of trees, some gay with blossom, others rich with fruits. Nature was here a series of wonders and a fund of delight. Here she displayed her ingenuity and industry in a variety of flowers and fruits, beautifully colored, elegantly shaped, and charmingly flavored; and we were favored with numberless animals presenting themselves perpetually to our view. In the decline of the day, near Kentucky river, as we ascended

the brow of a small hill, a number of Indians rushed out of a cane brake and made us prisoners. The Indians plundered us, and kept us in confinement seven days.—During this time we discovered no uneasiness or desire to escape, which made them less suspicious; but in the dead of night, as we lay by a large fire in a thick cane break, when sleep had locked up their senses, my situation not disposing me rest, I gently awoke my companion. We seized this favorable opportunity and departed, directing our course toward the old camp, but found it plundered and our company destroyed or dispersed.

"About this time as my brother with another adventurer who came to explore the country shortly after us, was wandering through the forest, they accidentally found our camp. Notwithstanding our unfortunate circumstances, and our dangerous situation, surrounded with hostile savages, our meeting fortunately in the wildernes gave us the most sensible satisfaction.

"Soon after this my companion in captivity, John Stuart, was killed by the savages, and the man who came with my brother, while on a private excursion, was soon after attacked and killed by the wolves. We were now in a dangerous and helpless situation, exposed daily to perils and deaths, among savages and wild beasts, not a white man in the country but ourselves.

Although many hundred miles from our families, in the howling wilderness, we did not continue in a state of indolence, but hunted every day, and prepared a little cottage to defend us from the winter. On the 1st of May, 1770, my brother returned home for a new recruit of horses and ammunition, leaving me alone, without bread, salt or sugar, or even a horse or a dog. I passed a few days uncomfortably. The idea of a beloved wife and family, and their anxiety on my account, would have disposed me to melancholy if I had further indulged the thought.

"One day I undertook a tour through the country, when the diversity and beauties of nature I met with in this charming season expelled every gloomy thought.—Just at the close of the day the gentle gales ceased; a

profound calm ensued; not a breath shook the tremulous leaf. I had gained the summit of a commanding ridge, and looking around with astonishing delight beheld the ample plains and beauteous tracts below. On one hand I surveyed the famous Ohio rolling in silent dignity, and marking the western boundary of Kentucky with inconceivable grandeur. At a vast distance I beheld the mountains lift their venerable brows and penetrate the clouds. All things were still. I kindled a fire near a fountain of sweet water, and feasted on the loin of a buck which I had killed a few hours before.—The shades of night soon overspread the hemisphere, and the earth seemed to gasp after the hovering moisture. At a distance I frequently heard the hideous yells of savages. My excursion had fatigued my body and amused my mind. I laid me down to sleep, and awoke not until the sun had chased away the night. I continued this tour, and in a few days explored a considerable part of the country, each day equally pleasing as the first. After which I returned to my old camp, which had not been disturbed in my absence. I did not confine my lodging to it, but often reposed in thick cane brakes to avoid the savages, who I believe frequently visited my camp, but fortunately for me in my absence. No populous city, with all its varieties of commerce and stately structures, could afford so much pleasure to my mind as the beauties of nature I found in this country.

"Until the 27th July I spent my time in an uninterrupted scene of sylvan pleasures, when my brother, to my great felicity, met me, according to appointment, at our old camp. Soon after we left the place and proceeded to Cumberland river, reconnoitering that part of the country, and giving names to the different rivers.

"In March, 1771, I returned home to my family, being determined to bring them as soon as possible, at the risk of my life and fortune, to reside in Kentucky, which I esteemed a second paradise.

"On my return I found my family in happy circumstances. I sold my farm on the Yadkin, and what

goods we could not carry with us, and on the 25th of September, 1773, we took leave of our friends and proceeded on our journey to Kentucky, in company with five more families, and forty men that joined us in Powel's Valley, which is 150 miles from the new settled parts of Kentucky. But this promising beginning was soon overcast with a cloud of adversity.

"On the 10th of October the rear of our company was attacked by a party of Indians; who killed six, and wounded one man. Of these my oldest son was one that fell in the action. Though we repulsed the enemy, yet this unhappy affair scattered our cattle and brought us into extreme difficulty. We returned forty miles to the settlement on Clench river. We had passed over two mountains, Powel and Walden's, and were approaching Cumberland mountain, when this adverse fortune overtook us. These mountains are in the wilderness, in passing from the old settlement in Virginia to Kentucky; are arranged in a south-west and north-east direction; are of great length and breadth, and not far distant from each other. Over them nature hath formed passes less difficult than might be expected from the view of such huge piles. The aspect of these cliffs are so wild and horrid, that it is impossible to behold them without horror.

"Until the 6th June, 1774, I remained with my family on the Clench, when I and another person were solicited by Gov. Dunmore, of Virginia, to conduct a number of surveyors to the Falls of Ohio. This was a tour of 800 miles, and took us 62 days.

"On my return, Gov. Dunmore gave me the command of three garrisons during the campaign against the Shawanese. In March, 1775, at the solicitation of a number of gentlemen of North Carolina, I attended their treaty at Wataga, with the Cherokee Indians, to purchase the lands on the south side of Kentucky river. After this, I undertook to mark out a road in the best passage from the settlements through the wilderness to Kentucky.

"Having collected a number of enterprising men, well armed, I soon began this work. We proceeded until

we came within 15 miles of where Boonsborough now stands, where the Indians attacked us, and killed two and wounded two more of our party. This was on the 22d of March, 1775. Two days after we were again attacked by them, when we had two more killed, and three wounded. After this we proceeded on to Kentucky river without opposition.

"On the 1st of April we began to erect the fort of Boonsborough, at a salt lick, sixty yards from the river on the south side. On the 4th the Indians killed one of our men. On the 14th June, having completed the fort, I returned to my family on the Clench, and whom I soon after removed to the fort. My wife and daughter were supposed to be the first white women that ever stood upon the banks of Kentucky river.

"On the 24th December the Indians killed one of our men and wounded another; and on the 15th July 1776, they took my daughter prisoner. I immediately pursued them with eight men, and on the 16th overtook and engaged them. I killed two of them, and recovered my daughter.

"The Indians, having divided themselves into several parties, attacked in one day all our infant settlements and forts, doing a great deal of damage. The husbandmen were ambushed, and unexpectedly attacked while toiling in the field. They continued this kind of warfare until the 15th April, 1777, when nearly 100 of them attacked the village of Boonsborough, and killed a number of its inhabitants. On the 19th Colonel Logan's fort was attacked by 200 Indians. There were only 13 men in the fort, of whom the enemy killed two and wounded one.

"On the 20th August, Col. Bowman arrived with 100 men from Virginia, with which additional force we had almost daily skirmishes with the Indians, who began now to learn the superiority of the "long knife," as they termed the Virginians; being outgeneraled in almost every action. Our affairs began now to wear a better aspect, the Indians no longer daring to face us in the field, but sought private opportunities to destroy us.

"On the 7th February, 1778, while on a hunting excursion alone, I met a party of 102 Indians and two Frenchmen, marching to attack Boonsborough. They pursued and took me prisoner, and conveyed me to Old Chilicothe, the principal Indian town on the Little Miami, where we arrived on the 18th February, after an uncomfortable journey. On the 10th March I was conducted to Detroit, and while there was treated with great humanity by Governor Hamilton, the British commander at that port, and intendant for Indian affairs.

"The Indians had such an affection for me that they refused 100£ sterling offered them by the Governor, if they would consent to leave me with him, that he might be able to liberate me on my parole. Several English gentlemen then at Detroit, sensible of my adverse fortune, and touched with sympathy, generously offered to supply my wants, which I declined with many thanks, adding that I never expected it would be in my power to recompense such unmerited generosity.

"On the 10th April the Indians returned with me to Old Chilicothe, where we arrived on the 25th. This was a long and fatiguing march, although through an exceeding fertile country, remarkable for springs and streams of water. At Chilicothe I spent my time as comfortable as I could expect; was adopted, according to their custom, into a family where I became a son, and had a great share in the affection of my new parents, brothers, sisters and friends. I was exceedingly familiar and friendly with them, always appearing as cheerful and contented as possible, and they put great confidence in me. I often went a hunting with them, and freqently gained their applause for my activity at our shooting matches. I was careful not to exceed many of them in shooting, for no people are more envious than they in this sport. I could observe in their countenances and gestures the greatest expressions of joy when they exceeded me, and when the reverse happened, of envy.—The Shawanese king took great notice of me, and treated me with profound respect and entire friendship, often entrusting me to hunt at my liberty. I freqently re-

turned with the spoils of the woods, and as often presented some of what I had taken to him, expressive of duty to my sovereign. My food and lodging was in common with them, not so good indeed as I could desire, but necessity made every thing acceptable.

"I now began to meditate my escape, and carefully avoiding giving suspicion. I continued at Chilicothe until the first day of June, when I was taken to the Salt Springs on Scioto, and there employed ten days in the manufacturing of salt. During this time I hunted with my Indian masters, and found the land for a great extent about this river to exceed the soil of Kentucky.

"On my return to Chilicothe 150 of the choicest Indian warriors were ready to march against Boonsborough. They were painted and armed in a frightful manner. This alarmed me, and I determined to escape.

"On the 16th June, before sunrise, I went off secretly, and reached Boonsborough on the 20th, a journey of 160 miles, during which I had only one meal. I found our fortress in a bad state, but we immediately repaired our flanks, gates, posterns, and formed double bastions, which we completed in ten days. One of my fellow prisoners escaped after me, and brought advice that on account of my flight, the Indians had put off their expedition for three weeks.

"About the first of August I set out with 19 men to surprise Point Creek-Town on Scioto, within four miles of which we fell in with 40 Indians going against Boonsborough. We attacked them, and they soon gave way without any loss on our part. The enemy had one killed and two wounded. We took three horses and all their baggage. The Indians having evacuated their town, and gone altogether against Boonsborough, we returned, passed them on the 6th, and on the 7th arrived safe at Boonsborough.

On the 8th the Indian army, consisting of 444 men, under the command of Capt. Duquesne, and eleven other Frenchmen and their own chiefs arrived and summoned the fort to surrender. I requested two days consideration, which was granted. During this we

brought in through the posterns all the horses and other cattle we could collect.

"On the 9th, in the evening, I informed the commander that we were determined to defend the fort while a man was living. They then proposed a treaty, and said if we sent out nine men to conclude it, they would withdraw. The treaty was held within sixty yards of the fort, as we suspected the savages. The articles were agreed to and signed; when the Indians told us it was their custom for two Indians to shake hands with every white man in the treaty, as an evidence of friendship. We agreed to this also. They immediately grappled us to take us prisoners, but we cleared ourselves of them, though surrounded by hundreds, and gained the fort safe, except one man who was wounded by a heavy fire from the enemy.

"The savages now began to undermine the fort, beginning at the water mark of Kentucky river, which is sixty yards from the fort; this we discovered by the water being made muddy by the clay. We countermined them by cutting a trench across the subterraneous passage. The enemy discovering this by the clay we threw out of the fort, desisted. On the 20th August they raised the siege, during which we had two men killed and four wounded. We lost a number of cattle. The loss of the enemy was 37 killed, and a much larger number wounded. We picked up 125 pounds of their bullets, besides what stuck in the logs of the fort.

"In July, 1779, during my absence, Col. Bowman, with 160 men, went against the Shawanese of Old Chillicothe. He arrived undiscovered. A battle ensued, which lasted until ten in the morning, when Col. Bowman retreated 30 miles. The Indians collected all their strength and pursued him, when another engagement ensued for two hours, not to Col. Bowman's advantage. Col. Harrod proposed to mount a number of horses, and break the enemy's line, who at this time fought with remarkable fury. This desperate measure had a happy effect, and the savages fled on all sides. In these two engagements we had nine men killed and one wounded.

Enemy's loss uncertain. Only two scalps were taken.

"June 23d, 1780, 500 Indians and Canadians under Col. Bird, attacked Riddle and Martin's station, and the forks of Licking river with six pieces of artillery. They took all the inhabitants captives, and killed one man and two women, loading the others with the heavy baggage, and such as failed in the journey were tomahawed.

"The hostile disposition of the savages caused General Clark, the commandant at the falls of Ohio, to march with his regiment and the armed force of the country against Peccaway, the principal town of the Shawanese, on a branch of the great Miami, which he attacked with great success, took seventy scalps, and reduced the town to ashes, with the loss of 17 men.

"About this time I returned to Kentucky with my family; for during my captivity, my wife thinking me killed by the Indians, had transported my family and goods on horses through the wilderness, amidst many dangers, to her father's house in North Carolina.

"On the 6th October, 1780, soon after my settling in Boonsborough, I went with my brother to the Blue Licks, and on our return, he was shot by a party of Indians, who followed me by the scent of a dog, which I shot and escaped. The severity of the winter caused great distress in Kentucky, the enemy having destroyed most of the corn. The inhabitants lived chiefly on buffaloe's flesh.

"In the spring of 1782 the Indians harrassed us. In May they ravished, killed and scalped a woman and her two daughters, near Ashton's station, and took a negro prisoner. Capt. Ashton pursued them with 25 men, and in an engagement which lasted two hours, his party were obliged to retreat, having eight killed and four mortally wounded. Their brave commander fell in the action.

"August 18th, two boys were carried off from Major Hoy's station. Capt. Holder pursued the enemy with 17 men, who were also defeated, with the loss of seven killed and two wounded. Our affairs became more and more alarming. The savages infested the country and

destroyed the whites as opportunity presented. In a field near Lexington an Indian shot a man, and running to scalp him, was himself shot from the fort, and fell dead upon the ground. All the Indian nations were now united against us.

"August 15th, 500 Indians and Canadians came against Briant's station, five miles from Lexington.—They assaulted the fort, and killed all the cattle round it; but being repulsed, they retired the third day, having about 80 killed; their wounded uncertain. The garrison had 4 killed and 9 wounded.

"August 18th, Colonels Todd and Trigg, Major Harland and myself, speedily collected 176 men, well armed, and pursued the savages. They had marched beyond the Blue Licks, to a remarkable bend of the main fork of Licking River, about 43 miles from Lexington, where we overtook them on the 19th. The savages observing us, gave way, and we, ignorant of their numbers, passed the river. When they saw our proceedings, having greatly the advantage in situation, they formed their line of battle from one end of the Licking to the other, about a mile from the Blue Licks. The engagement was close and warm for about fifteen minutes, when we, being overpowered by numbers, were obliged to retreat, with the loss of 67 men, 7 of whom were taken prisoners. The brave and much lamented Colonels Todd and Trigg, Major Harland, and my second son, were among the dead. We were afterwards informed that the Indians, on numbering their dead, finding that they had four more killed than we, four of our people they had taken were given up to their young warriors, to be put to death after their barbarous manner.

"On our retreat we were met by Col. Logan, who was hastening to join us with a number of well armed men. This powerful assistance we wanted on the day of battle. The enemy said one more fire from us would have made them give way.

"I cannot reflect upon this dreadful scene, without great sorrow. A zeal for the defence of their country led these heroes to the scene of action, though with a

few men, to attack a powerful army of experienced warriors. When we gave way, they pursued us with the utmost eagerness, and in every quarter spread destruction. The river was difficult to cross, and many were killed in the flight, some just entering the river, some in the water, others after crossing in ascending the cliffs. Some escaped on horseback, a few on foot; and being dispersed every where, in a few hours, brought the melancholy news of this unfortunate battle to Lexington.—Many widows were now made. The reader may guess what sorrow filled the hearts of the inhabitants, exceeding any thing that I am able to describe. Being reinforced, we returned to bury the dead, and found their bodies strewed every where, cut and mangled in a dreadful manner. This mournful scene exhibited a horror almost unparalleled: some torn and eaten by wild beasts; those in the river eaten by fishes; all in such putrid condition that no one could be distinguished from another.

"When Gen. Clark, at the falls of the Ohio, heard of our disaster, he ordered the expedition to pursue the savages. We overtook them within two miles of their town, and we should have obtained a great victory had not some of them met us when about 200 poles from their camp. The savages fled in the utmost disorder, and evacuated all their towns. We burned to ashes Old Chilicothe, Peccaway, New Chilicothe, and Wills Town; entirely destroyed their corn and other fruits; and spread desolation through their country. We took seven prisoners and fifteen scalps, and lost only four men, two of whom were accidentally killed by ourselves. This campaign damped the enemy, yet they made secret incursions.

"In October a party attacked Crab Orchard, and one of them being a good way before the other, boldly entered the house in which were only a woman and her children, and a negro man. The savage used no violence, but attempted to carry off the negro, who happily proved too strong for him, and threw him on the ground, and in the struggle the woman cut off his head with an

axe, whilst her little daughter shut the door. The savages instantly came up and applied their tomahawks to the door, when the mother putting an old rusty gun barrel through the crevices, the savages immediately went off.

"From that time till the happy return of peace between the United States and Great Britain, the Indians did us no mischief. Soon after this the Indians desired peace.

"Two darling sons and a brother I have lost by savage hands, which have also taken from me 40 valuable horses and abundance of cattle. Many dark and sleepless nights have I spent, separated from the cheerful society of men, scorched by the summer sun, and pinched by the winter's cold, an instrument ordained to settle the wilderness.

"DANIEL BOON.

"Fayette County, Kentucky."

CHAPTER XII.

Settlement of this Western Country, and Dunmore's War.

The settlement on this side of the mountains commenced along the Monongahela river, and between that river and Laurel Ridge, in the year 1772. In the succeeding year they reached the Ohio river. The greater number of the first settlers came from the upper part of Maryland and Virginia, which were then colonies.—The route by which the greater part of these first settlers crossed the mountains, was, by what was then called Braddock's trail. There was another route, by fort Ligonier, and Bradford, by which a less number came. This was the military road from East Pennsylvania to Pittsburgh. These pioneers effected their removal on horses, furnished with pack-saddles.

Land was the grand object which attracted the greater number of these people and induced them to cross

the mountains. The common saying by which they were stimulated to endure the fatigue was, "Land is to be had there for the taking up." That is, the building of a cabin and raising a crop of grain, however small, of any kind, entitled the occupant to four hundred acres of land, and a pre-emption right to one thousand acres more adjoining, to be secured by a land office warrant.

This right was to take effect if there happened to be so much vacant land or any part of the same, adjoining the tract secured by the settlement right. To carry this legal compact into effect, the government of Virginia, at an early period, appointed three commissioners to give certificates of settlement rights. These certificates, together with the draft of the surveyor were sent to the land office of the state, where they laid six months to await any cavil which might be offered. If none was offered, the patent then issued.

Some of the early settlers took the precaution to come over the mountains in the spring, leaving their families behind them, to raise a crop of corn, and then return, and bring them out in the fall. Those who took these precautionary measures were enabled to succeed very well, and to endure the privations and cold of the first winter with comparative comfort. There were others who brought their families all together, and these, frequently, exhausted all their corn meal, long before the summer sun had produced more. These frequently watched, with longing eyes the growth of the potatoe tops, the squash and pumpkin vines, hoping from day to day to get something to answer in the place of bread. With these, the lean venison and the breast of the wild turkey was called bread, and the flesh of the bear was denominated meat. At length, what appeared to them the lingering season, brought forth the roasting ear, and a short period gave a sufficient hardness to the corn to enable it to be made into johnny cakes by the aid of a tin grater.

The peace and tranquility which had been enjoyed for two years, was not to be of long continuance. For

those most foul and atrocious murders of the peaceable, inoffensive Indians at Captina and Yellow Creek, brought on the war of Lord Dunmore in the spring of the year 1774.

This spread terror and alarm through the settlements, broke them up, compelled the women and children to be shut up in Morris' fort in Sandy Creek glade, some distance to the east of Uniontown. The men after having found a place of safety, but not of comfort, for their families, were compelled to return to their homes and risk the tomahawk and scalping knife of the Indians, in raising corn, to keep their families from starvation the succeeding winter. Those sufferings, losses, and dangers were the tribute, and who can say, it was not the just tribute, which the whites had to pay to that thirst for blood, which actuated those veteran murderers, who brought about the war. Those scenes of cold blooded murder, cannot be looked back upon but with the deepest feelings of regret and abhorence, and the page of history will consign the perpetrators names to posterity with the full weight of that infamy which they deserve.

"In the month of April 1774, a rumor was circulated that the Indians had stolen several horses from some land jobbers, on the Ohio and Kenhawa rivers. No evidence of the fact having been adduced, leads to the conclusion that the report was false. This report, however, induced a pretty general belief that the Indians were about to make war upon the frontier settlements; but for this apprehension there does not appear to have been the slightest foundation.

In consequence of this apprehension of being attacked by the Indians, the land jobbers ascended the river, and collected at Wheeling. On the 27th of April, it was reported in Wheeling that a canoe containing two Indians and some traders were coming down the river and then not far from the place. On hearing this the commandant of the station, Capt. Cresap, proposed taking a party to go up the river and kill the Indians.—This project was vehemently opposed by Col. Zane, the proprietor of the place. He stated to the captain that

the killing of those Indians, would inevitably bring on a war, in which much innocent blood would be shed, and that the act in itself would be an atrocious murder, and a disgrace to his name forever. His good counsel was lost. The party went up the river. On being asked, at their return, what had become of the Indians? They coolly answered that, "they had fallen overboard into the river. Their canoe, on being examined was found bloody, and pierced with bullets. This was the first blood which was shed in this war, and terrible was the vengeance which followed.

In the evening of the same day, the party hearing that there was an encampment of Indians at the mouth of Captina, went down the river to the place, attacked the Indians and killed several of them. In this affair one of Cresap's party was severely wounded.

The massacre at Captina and that which took place at Baker's, about forty miles above Wheeling, a few days after that at Captina were unquestionably the sole causes of the war of 1774. The last was perpetrated by thirty-two men, under the command of Daniel Greathouse. The whole number killed at this place, and on the river opposite to it was twelve, besides several wounded. This horrid massacre was effected by an hypocritical stratagem, which reflects the deepest dishonor on the memory of those who were agents in it.

The report of the murders committed on the Indians near Wheeling, induced a belief that they would immediately commence hostilities, and this apprehension furnished the pretext for the murder above related. The ostensible object for raising the party under Greathouse, was that of defending the family of Baker, whose house was opposite to a large encampment of the Indians, at the mouth of Big Yellow Creek. The party were concealed in ambuscade, while their commander went over the river, under the mask of friendship to the Indian camp, to ascertain their number, while there, an Indian woman advised him to return home speedily, saying that the Indians were drinking, and angry on account of the murder of their people down the river, and might

do him some mischief. On his return to his party he reported that the Indians were too strong for an open attack. He returned to Baker's and requested him to give any Indians who might come over, in the course of the day, as much rum as they might call for, and get as many of them drunk as he possibly could. The plan succeeded. Several Indian men with two women came over the river to Baker's, who had previously been in the habit of selling rum to the Indians. The men drank freely and became intoxicated. In this state they were all killed by Greathouse, and a few of his party. I say a few of his party; for it is but justice to state, that not more than five or six of the whole number had any participation in the slaughter at the house. The rest protested against it, as an atrocious murder. From their number, being by far the majority, they might have prevented the deed; but, alas! they did not. A little Indian girl alone was saved from the slaughter, by the humanity of some one of the party, whose name is not now known.

The Indians in the camps, hearing the firing at the house, sent a canoe with two men in it, to enquire what had happened. These two Indians were both shot down as soon as they landed on the beach. A second and larger canoe was then manned with a number of Indians in arms; but in attempting to reach the shore, some distance below the house, were received by a well directed fire from the party, which killed the greater number of them, and compelled the survivors to return. A great number of shots were exchanged across the river, but without damage to the white party, not one of whom was even wounded. The Indian men who were murdered were all scalped.

The woman who gave the friendly advice to the commander of the party, when in the Indian camp, was amongst the slain at Baker's house.

The massacre of the Indians at Captina and Yellow Creek, comprehended the whole of the family of the famous but unfortunate Logan, who before these events had been a lover of the whites, and a strenuous advocate

for peace; but in the conflict which followed them, by way of revenge for the death of his people, he became a brave and sanguinary chief, among the warriors.

The settlers along the frontiers, knowing that the Indians would make war upon them for the murder of their people, either moved off to the interior, or took up their residence in forts. The apprehension of war was soon realized. In a short time the Indians commenced hostilities along the whole extent of our frontiers.

Express was speedily sent to Williamsburgh, the then seat of government of the Colony of Virginia, communicating intelligence of the certainty of the commencement of an Indian war. The Assembly was then in session.

A plan for a campaign, for the purpose of putting a speedy conclusion to the Indian hostilities, was adopted between the Earl of Dunmore, the Governor of the Colony, and Gen. Lewis, of Botetourt county. Gen. Lewis was appointed to the command of the southern division of the forces to be employed on this occasion, with orders to raise a large body of volunteers and drafts, from the south-eastern counties of the Colony, with all despatch. These forces were to rendezvous at Camp Union, in the Greenbriar country. The Earl of Dunmore was to raise another army in the northern counties of the Colony, and in the settlements west of the mountains, and assemble them at Fort Pitt, and from thence descend the river to Point Pleasant, at the mouth of the great Kenhawa, the place appointed for the junction of the two armies, for the purpose of invading the Indian country, and destroying as many of their villages as they could reach, in the course of the season.

On the 11th of September the forces under General Lewis, amounting to 1100 men, commenced their march from Camp Union to Point Pleasant, a distance of 160 miles. The tract of country between these two points, was at that time a trackless desert. Captain Matthew Arbuckle, the pilot, conducted the army by the nearest and best route to their place of destination. The flour and ammunition were wholly transported on pack hor-

ses, as the route was impassable for wheel carriages.—After a painful march of 19 days, the army arrived, on the 1st of October, at Point Pleasant, where an encampment was made.

Gen. Lewis was exceedingly disappointed at hearing no tidings of the Earl of Dunmore, who, according to previous arrangements, was to form a junction with him at this place. He immediately despatched some scouts, to go by land in the direction of Fort Pitt, to obtain intelligence of the route which the Earl had taken, and then return with the utmost despatch. On the 9th, three men who had formerly been Indian traders, arrived in the camp, on express from the Earl, to inform Lewis that he had changed his plan of operations, and intended to march to the Indian towns by the way of Hockhocking, and directing Gen. Lewis to commence his march immediately for the old Chilicothe town.

Very early in the morning of the 10th, two young men set out from the camp to hunt, up the river. Having gone about three miles, they fell upon a camp of the Indians, who were then in the act of preparing to march to attack the camp of Gen. Lewis. The Indians fired upon them, and killed one of them; the other ran back to the camp, with intelligence that the Indians, in great force, would immediately give battle.

Gen. Lewis instantly ordered out a detachment of the Botetourt troops under Col. Fleming, and another of the Augusta troops, under Col. Charles Lewis, remaining himself with the reserve, for the defence of the camp.—The detachment marched out in two lines, and met the Indians in the same order about 400 yards from the camp. The battle commenced a little after sunrise, by a heavy firing from the Indians. At the onset our troops gave back some distance, until met by a reinforcement, on the arrival of which the Indians retreated a little way, and formed a line behind logs and trees, reaching from the bank of the Ohio to that of the Kenhawa. By this manœuvre, our army and camp were completely invested, being inclosed between the two rivers, with the Indian line of battle in front, so that no chance

of retreat was left. An incessant fire was kept up on both sides, with but little change of position until sundown, when the Indians retreated, and in the night recrossed the Ohio, and the next day commenced their march to their towns on the Scioto.

Our loss in this destructive battle was 75 killed, and 140 wounded. Among the killed were Col. Charles Lewis, Col. Fields, Captains Buford, Murrey, Ward, Wilson and M'Clenachan; Lieutenants Allen, Goldsby and Dillon, and several subaltern officers.

Col. Lewis, a distinguished and meritorious officer, was mortally wounded by the first fire of the Indians, but walked into the camp, and expired in his own tent.

The number of Indians engaged in the battle of the Point was never ascertained, nor yet the amount of their loss. On the morning after the engagement, 21 were found on the battle ground, 12 more were afterwards found in different places where they had been concealed. A great number of their dead were said to have been thrown into the river during the engagement. Considering that the whole number of our men engaged in this conflict were riflemen, and, from habit, sharp shooters of the first order, it is presumable that the loss on the side of the Indians was at least equal to ours.

The Indians during the battle were commanded by the Cornstalk warrior, the king of the Shawanese. This son of the forest, in his plans of attack and retreat, and in all his manœuvres throughout the engagement, displayed the skill and bravery of the most consummate General. During the whole of the day, he was heard from our lines, vociferating, with the voice of Stentor, "Be strong, be strong." It is even said, that he killed one of his men with his own hand for cowardice.

The day after the battle, after burying the dead, entrenchments were thrown up round the camp, and a competent guard was appointed for the care and protection of the sick and wounded. On the day following, Gen. Lewis commenced his march for the Shawanees towns on the Scioto. This march was made through a

trackless desert, and attended with almost insuperable difficulties and privations.

In the mean time, the Earl of Dunmore, having collected a force, and provided boats at Fort Pitt, descended the river to Wheeling, where the army halted for a few days, and then proceeded down the river in about one hundred canoes, a few keel boats, and perouges to the mouth of Hockhocking, and from thence over land, until the army had got within eight miles of the Shawanee town Chilicothe, on the Scioto. Here the army halted and made a breast work of fallen trees, and entrenchments of such extent as to include about 12 acres of ground, with an inclosure in the centre containing about one acre, surrounded by entrenchments. This was the citadel which contained the markees of the Earl and his superior officers.

Before the army had reached that place, the Indian Chiefs had sent several messengers to the Earl, asking peace. With this request he soon determined to comply, and therefore sent an express to Gen. Lewis, with an order for his immediate retreat. This order Gen. Lewis disregarded, and continued his march until his lordship in person visited his camp, was formally introduced to his officers, and gave the order in person. The army of Gen. Lewis then commenced their retreat.

It was with the greatest reluctance and chagin, that the troops of Gen. Lewis returned from the enterprise in which they were engaged. The massacres of their relatives and friends at the big Levels and Muddy Creek, and above all, their recent loss at the battle of the Point, had inspired these big knives, as the Indians called the Virginians, with an inveterate thirst for revenge, the gratification of which they supposed was shortly to take place, in the total destruction of the Indians and their towns along the Scioto and Sandusky rivers. The order of Dunmore was obeyed, but with every expression of regret and disappointment.

The Earl and his officers having returned to his camp, a treaty with the Indians was opened the following day.

In this treaty every precaution was used on the part of our people to prevent the Indians from ending a treaty in the tragedy of a massacre. Only eighteen Indians with their chiefs were permitted to pass the outer gate of their fortified encampment, after having deposited their arms with the guard at the gate.

The treaty was opened by Cornstalk, the war chief of the Shawanees, in a lengthy speech, in which he boldly charged the white people with having been the authors of the commencement of the war, in the massacres of the Indians at Captina and Yellow Creek. This speech he delivered in so loud a tone of voice, that he was heard all over the camp. The terms of the treaty were soon settled, and the prisoners delivered up.

Logan, the Cayuga chief, assented to the treaty; but still indignant at the murder of his family, refused to attend with the other chiefs at the camp of Dunmore.—According to the Indian mode in such cases, he sent his speech in a belt of wampum by an interpreter, to be read at the treaty.

Supposing that this work may fall into the hands of some readers who have not seen the speech of Logan, the author thinks it not amiss to insert this celebrated morsel of Indian eloquence, in this place, with the observation that the authenticity of the speech is no longer a subject of doubt. The speech is as follows:

"I appeal to any white man to say, if ever he entered Logan's cabin hungry, and he gave him not meat: if ever he came cold and naked, and he clothed him not. During the course of the last long and bloody war, Logan remained in his cabin, an advocate for peace. Such was my love for the whites, that my countrymen pointed as they passed, and said 'Logan is the friend of the white men.' I had even thought to have lived with you, but for the injuries of one man. Col. Cresap, the last spring, in cold blood, and unprovoked, murdered all the relations of Logan, not even sparing my children.—There runs not a drop of my blood in the veins of any living creature. This called on me for revenge. I have sought it: I have killed many: I have fully glutted my

vengeance: for my country I rejoice at the beams of peace. But do not harbor a thought that mine is the joy of fear. Logan never felt fear. He will not turn on his heel to save his life. Who is there to mourn for Logan?—Not one."

Thus ended, at the treaty of Camp Charlotte, in the month of November, 1774, the disastrous war of Dunmore. It began in the wanton and unprovoked murders of the Indians at Captina and Yellow Creek, and ended with an awful sacrifice of life and property to the demon of revenge. On our part we obtained at the treaty a cessation of hostilities, and a surrender of prisoners, and nothing more.

The plan of operations adopted by the Indians in the war of Dunmore, shows clearly that their chiefs were by no means deficient in the foresight and skill, necessary for making the most prudent military arrangements for obtaining success and victory, in their mode of warfare. At an early period they obtained intelligence of the plan of the campaign against them, concerted between the Earl of Dunmore and Gen. Lewis. With a view, therefore, to attack the forces of these commanders separately, they speedily collected their warriors, and by forced marches, reached the Point, before the expected arrival of the troops under Dunmore. Such was the privacy with which they conducted their march to Point Pleasant, that Gen. Lewis knew nothing of the Indian army, until a few minutes before the commencement of the battle, and it is every way probable, that if Constalk, the Indian commander, had had a little larger force at the battle of the Point, the whole army of Gen. Lewis would have been cut off, as the wary savage had left them no chance of retreat.

Had the army of Lewis been defeated, the army of Dunmore, consisting of but little more than one thousand men, would have shared the fate of those armies, which at different periods, have suffered defeats, in consequence of venturing too far into the country, in numbers too small, and with munitions of war inade-

quate to sustain a contest, with the united forces of a number of Indian nations.

It was the general belief among the officers of our army, at the time, that the Earl of Dunmore, while at Wheeling, received advice from his Government of the probability of the approaching war, between England and the Colonies, and that afterwards, all his measures with regard to the Indians, had for their ultimate object, on alliance with these ferocious warriors, for aid of the mother country in their contest with us. This supposition accounts for his not forming a junction with the army of Lewis at Point Pleasant. This deviation from the original plan of the campaign jeopardized the army of Lewis and well nigh occasioned its total destruction. The conduct of the Earl at the treaty, shews a good understanding between him and the Indian chiefs. He did not suffer the army of Lewis to form a junction with his own, but sent them back, before the treaty was concluded, thus risking the safety of his own forces, for at the time of the treaty, the Indian warriors were about his camp, in force sufficient to have intercepted his retreat and destroyed his whole army.

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CHAPTER XIII.

GENERAL M'INTOSH'S CAMPAIGN.

In the spring of the year 1778, Government, having sent a small force of regular troops under the command of Gen. M'Intosh, for the defence of the western frontier. The General, with the regulars and militia, from fort Pitt descended the Ohio about thirty miles and built fort M'Intosh on the site of the present Beaver town. The fort was made of strong stockades, furnished bastions, and mounted with one six pounder. This station was well selected as a point for a small military force always in readiness to pursue, or intercept the war parties of Indians, who frequently made incursions

into the settlements, on the opposite side of the river, in its immediate neighborhood. The fort was well garrisoned, and supplied with provisions during the summer.

Some time in the fall of the same year, Gen. M'Intosh received an order from Government to make a campaign against the Sandusky towns. This order, he attempted to obey with one thousand men; but owing to the delay in making necessary outfits for the expedition, the offices, on reaching Tuscarawa, thought it best to halt at that place, build and garrison a fort, and delay the farther prosecution of the campaign until the next spring. Accordingly they erected fort Laurens on the bank of the Tuscarawa. Some time after the completion of the fort, the General returned with the army to fort Pitt, leaving Col. John Gibson, with a command of one hundred and fifty men to protect the fort until spring. The Indians were soon acquainted with the existence of the fort, and soon convinced our people, by sad experience of the bad policy of building and attempting to hold a fort, so far in advance of our settlements and other forts.

The first annoyance the garrison received from the Indians was some time in the month of January. In the night time they caught most of the horses belonging to the fort, and taking them off some distance into the woods, they took off their bells and formed an ambuscade by the side of a path, leading through the high grass of a prairie at a little distance from the fort. In the morning the Indians rattled the horse bells at the farther end of the line of the ambuscade. The plan succeeded, a fatigue of sixteen men, went out for the horses and fell into the snare. Fourteen were killed on the spot, two were taken prisoners, one of whom was given up at the close of the war, the other was never afterwards heard of.

Gen. Benjamin Biggs, then a captain in the fort, being officer of the day, requested leave of the Colonel to go out with the fatigue party, which fell into the ambuscade. "No" said the Colonel, "this fatigue party

does not belong to a captain's command. When I shall have occasion to employ one of that number, I shall be thankful for your service, at present you must attend to your duty in the fort. On what trivial circumstances do life and death sometimes depend!"

In the evening of the day of the ambuscade, the whole Indian army in full war dress and painted, marched, in single file, through a prairie in view of the fort, their number, as counted from one of the bastions was 847. They then took up their encampment on an elevated piece of ground at a small distance from the fort, on the opposite side of the river. From this camp they frequently held conversations with the people of our garrison. In these conversations, they seemed to deplore the long continuance of the war and hoped for peace; but were much exasperated at the Americans for attempting to penetrate so far into their country.—This great body of Indians continued the investment of the fort, as long as they could obtain subsistance, which was about six weeks.

An old Indian, of the name of John Thompson, who was with the American army in the fort, frequently went out among the Indians during their stay at their encampment, with the mutual consent of both parties.—A short time before the Indians left the place, they sent word to Col. Gibson, by the old Indian, that they were desirous of peace, and that if he would send them a barrel of flour they would send in their proposals the next day; but although the Colonel complied with their request, they marched off without fulfilling their engagement.

The commander, supposing the whole number of the Indians had gone off, gave permission to Col. Clark, of the Pennsylvania line, to escort the invalids, to the number of eleven or twelve to fort M'Intosh. The whole number of this detachment was fifteen. The wary Indians had left a party behind, for the purpose of doing mischief. These attacked this party of invalids, and their escort, about two miles from the fort, and killed the whole of them with the exception of four, amongst

whom was the captain, who ran back to the fort. On the same day a detachment went out from the fort, brought in the dead, and buried them with the honors of war, in front of the fort gate.

In three or four days after this disaster, a relief of seven hundred men, under Gen. M'Intosh, arrived at the fort with a supply of provision; a great part of which was lost by an untoward accident. When the relief had reached within about one hundred yards of the fort, the garrison gave them a salute of a general discharge of musketry, at the report of which the pack horses took fright, broke loose and scattered the provisions in every direction through the woods, so that the greater part of it could never be recovered again.

Among other transactions which took place about this time, was that of gathering up the remains of the fourteen men who had fallen in the ambuscade during the winter, for interment, and which could not be done during the investment of the place by the Indians.—They were found mostly devoured by the wolves.—The fatigue party dug a pit large enough to contain the remains of all of them, and after depositing them in the pit, merely covering them with a little earth, with a view to have revenge on the wolves for devouring their companions, they covered the pit with slender sticks, rotten wood, and bits of bark, not of sufficient strength to bear the weight of a wolf. On the top of this covering they placed a piece of meat, as bait for the wolves.—The next morning seven of them were found in the pit. They were shot and the pit filled up.

For about two weeks before the relief arrived, the garrison had been put on the short allowance of half a pound of sour flour and an equal weight of stinking meat for every two days. The greater part of last week, they had nothing to subsist on but such roots as they could find in the woods and prairies, and raw hides. Two men lost their lives by eating wild parsnip roots, by mistake. Four more nearly shared the same fate; but were saved by medical aid.

On the evening of the arrival of the relief, two days

rations were issued to each man in the fort. These rations were intended as their allowance during their march to fort M'Intosh; but many of the men, supposing them to have been back rations eat up the whole of their allowance before the next morning. In consequence of this imprudence, in eating immoderately, after such extreme starvation from the want of provisions, about forty of the men became faint and sick during the first day's march. On the second day, however, the sufferers were met by a great number of their friends from the settlements to which they belonged, by whom they were amply supplied with provisions.

Maj. Vernon, who succeeded Col. Gibson in the command of fort Laurens, continued its possession until the next fall, when the garrison, after being, like their predecessors, reduced almost to starvation, evacuted the place.

Thus ended the disastrous business of fort Laurens, in which much fatigue and suffering were endured and many lives lost; but without any beneficial result to the country.

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CHAPTER XIV.

THE MORAVIAN CAMPAIGN.

This ever memorable campaign took place in the month of March 1782. The weather, during the greater part of the month of February had been uncommonly, fine so that the war parties from Sandusky visited the settlements, and committed depredations earlier than usual. The family of a William Wallace, consisting of his wife and five or six children, were killed, and John Carpenter taken prisoner. These events took place in the latter part of February. The early period at which those fatal visitations of the Indians, took place, led to the conclusion that the murderers were either Moravians, or that the warriors had had their

winter quarters at their towns, on the Muskingum, in either case, the Moravians being in fault, the safety of the frontier settlements required the destruction of their establishments at that place.

Accordingly, between eighty and ninety men were hastily collected together for the fatal enterprize.—They rendezvoused and encamped the first night on the Mingo bottom, on the west side of the Ohio river.—Each man furnished himself with his own arms, ammunition and provision. Many of them had horses. The second day's march brought them within one mile of the middle Moravian town, where they encamped for the night. In the morning the men were divided into two equal parties, one of which was to cross the river about a mile above the town, their videttes having reported that there were Indians on both sides of the river. The other party was divided into three divisions, one of which was to take a circuit in the woods, and reach the river, a little distance below the town, on the east side. Another division was to fall into the middle of the town, and the third at its upper end.

When the party designed to make the attack on the west side, had reached the river, they found no craft to take them over; but something like a canoe was seen on the opposite bank. The river was high, with some floating ice. A young man of the name of Sloughter swam the river and brought over, not a canoe, but a trough designed for holding sugar water. This trough could carry but two men at a time. In order to expedite their passage, a number of men stripped off their clothes, put them into the trough, together with their guns, and swam by its sides, holding its edges with their hands. When about sixteen had crossed the river, the two sentinels, who had been posted in advance, discovered an Indian whose name was Shobosh. One of them broke one of his arms, by a shot. A shot from the other sentinel killed him. These heroes then scalped and tomahawked him.

By this time, about sixteen men had got over the river, and supposing that the firing of the guns which kil-

led Shabosh, would lead to an instant discovery, they sent word to the party designed to attack the town on the east side of the river, to move instantly; which they did.

In the mean time, the small party which had crossed the river, marched with all speed, to the main town on the west side of the river. Here they found a large company of Indians gathering the corn, which they had left in their fields the preceding fall, when they removed to Sandusky. On the arrival of the men at the town, they professed peace and good will to the Moravians, and informed them that they had come to take them to fort Pitt, for their safety. The Indians surrendered, delivered up their arms and appeared highly delighted with the prospect of their removal, and began, with all speed, to prepare victuals for the white men, and for themselves on their journey.

A party of white men and Indians was immediately despatched to Salem, a short distance from Gnadenhutten, where the Indians were gathering in their corn, to bring them into Gnadenhutten. The party soon arrived with the whole number of the Indians from Salem.

In the mean time the Indians at Gnadenhutten were confined in two houses some distance apart, and placed under guards, and when those from Salem arrived they were divided, and placed in the same houses, with their brethren of Gnadenhutten.

The prisoners being thus secured, a council of war was held to decide on their fate. The officers, unwilling to take on themselves the whole responsibility of the awful decision, agreed to refer the question to the whole number of the men. The men were accordingly drawn up in a line. The commandant of the party, Col. David Williamson then put the question to them in form, "Whether the Moravian Indians should be taken prisoners to Pittsburgh, or put to death, and requested that all those who were in favor of saving their lives should step out of the line, and form a second rank." On this, sixteen, some say eighteen, stepped out of the rank, and

formed themselves into a second line; but, alas! This line of mercy was far too short, for that of vengeance.

The fate of the Moravians was then decided on, and they were told to prepare for death.

The prisoners, from the time they were placed in the guard house, foresaw their fate, and began their devotions of singing hymns, praying, and exhorting each other to place a firm reliance in the mercy of the Saviour of men. When their fate was announced to them, these devoted people embraced, kissed, and bedewing each others faces and bosoms with their mutual tears, asked pardon of the brothers and sisters, for any offence they might have given them through life. Thus, at peace with their God, and each other, on being asked by those who were impatient for the slaughter, "Whether they were ready to die." They answered "That they had commended their souls to God, and were ready to die."

The particulars of this dreadful catastrophe, are too horrid to relate. Suffice it to say, that in a few minutes these two slaughter-houses, as they were then called, exhibited in their ghastly interior, the mangled, bleeding remains, of these poor unfortunate people, of all ages and sexes, from the aged grey headed parents, down to the helpless infant at its mother's breast, dishonored by the fatal wounds of the towahawk, mallet, war club, spear, and scalping knife.

Thus O! Brainard and Zeisberger! Faithful missionaries, who devoted your whole lives to incessant toil and sufferings, in your endeavors to make the wilderness of Paganism "rejoice and blossom as the rose" in faith and piety to God! Thus perished your faithful followers, by the murderous hands of the more than savage white men. Faithful pastors! Your spirits are again associated with those of your flocks, "Where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest!"

The number of the slain, as reported by the men on their return from the Campaign was eighty-seven or eighty nine; but the Moravian account, which no doubt

is correct, makes the number ninety-six. Of these, sixty-two were grown persons, one third of whom were women, the remaining thirty-four, were children. All these, with a few exceptions, were killed in the houses. Shabosh was killed about a mile above the town, on the west side of the river. His wife was killed, while endeavoring to conceal herself, in a bunch of bushes at the water's edge, on the arrival of the men at the town, on the east side of the river. A man at the same time was shot in a canoe, while attempting to make his escape from the east to the west side of the river. Two others were shot, while attempting to escape by swimming the river.

A few men, who were supposed to be warriors, were tied and taken some distance from the slaughter-houses, to be tomahawked. One of these had like to have made his escape at the expense of the life of one of the murderers. The rope by which he was led, was of some length The two men who were conducting him to death, fell into a dispute who should have the scalp.—The Indian while marching with a kind of dancing motion, and singing his death song, drew a knife from a scabbard suspended round his neck, cut the rope, and aimed at stabbing one of the men; but the jerk of the rope occasioned the men to look round. The Indian then fled towards the woods, and while running, dexterously untied the rope from his wrists. He was instantly pursued by several men who fired at him, one of whom wounded him in the arm. After a few shots the firing was forbidden, for fear the men might kill each other as they were running in a straggling manner. A young man then mounted on a horse and pursued the Indian, who when overtaken struck the horse on the head with a club. The rider sprang from the horse, on which the Indian seized him, threw him down and drew his tomahawk to kill him. At that instnt, one of the party got near enough to shoot the Indian, which he did merely in time to safe the life of his companion.

Of the whole number of the Indians at Gnadenhutten

and Salem, only two made their escape, These were two lads of fourteen or fifteen years of age. One of them after being knocked down and scalped, but not killed, had the presence of mind to lie still among the dead, until the dusk of the evening, when he silently crept out of the door and made his escape. The other lad slipped through a trap door into the cellar of one of the slaughter-houses, from which he made his escape thro' a small cellar window.

These two lads were fortunate in getting together in the woods the same night. Another lad somewhat larger, in attempting to pass through the same window, it is supposed stuck fast and was burnt alive.

The Indians of the upper town were apprized of their danger in due time to make their escape, two of them having found the mangled body of Shabosh. Providentially they all made their escape, although they might have been easily overtaken by the party, if they had undertaken their pursuit. A division of the men were ordered to go to Shonbrun, but finding the place deserted, they took what plunder they could find, and returned to their companions without looking farther after the Indians.

After the work of death was finished and the plunder secured, all the buildings in the town were set on fire, and the slaughter-houses among the rest. The dead bodies were thus consumed to ashes. A rapid retreat to the settlements finished the campaign.

Such were the principal events of this horrid affair. A massacre of innocent, unoffending people, dishonorable not only to our country, but human nature itself.

Before making any remarks on the causes which led to these disgraceful events, under consideration, it may be proper to notice the manner in which the enterprise was conducted, as furnishing evidence that the murder of the Moravians was intended, and that no resistance from them was anticipated.

In a military point of view, the Moravian campaign was conducted in the very worst manner imaginable.—It was undertaken at so early a period, that a deep fall of

snow, a thing very common in the early part of March, in former times, would have defeated the enterprise.—When the army came to the river, instead of constructing a sufficient number of rafts to transport the requisite number over the river at once, they commenced crossing in a sugar trough, which could carry only two men at a time, thus jeopardizing the safety of those who first went over. The two sentinels who shot Shabosh, according to military law ought to have been executed on the spot, for having fired without orders, thereby giving premature notice of the approach of our men. The truth is, nearly the whole number of the army ought to have been transported over the river, for after all their forces employed, and precaution used in getting possession of the town on the east side of the river, there were but one man and one squaw found in it, all the others being on the other side. This circumstance they ought to have known before hand, and acted accordingly.—The Indians on the west side of the river amounted to about eighty, and among them above thirty men, besides a number of young lads, all possessed of guns, and well accustomed to the use of them; yet this large number was attacked by about sixteen men. If they had really anticipated resistance, they deserved to lose their lives for their rashness. It is presumable, however, that having full confidence in the pacific principles of the Moravians, they did not expect resistance; but calculated on blood and plunder without having a shot fired at them. If this was really the case, the author leaves it to justice to find, if he can, a name for the transaction.

One can hardly help reflecting with regret, that these Moravians did not for the moment lay aside their pacific principles, and do themselves justice. With a mere show of defence, or at most a few shots, they might have captured and disarmed these few men, and held them as hostages for the safety of their people and property, until they could have removed them out of their way. This they might have done on the easiest terms, as the remainder of the army could not have crossed

the river, without their permission, as there was but one canoe at the place, and the river too high to be forded. But, alas! these truly christian people suffered themselves to be betrayed by the hypocritical professions of friendship, until "they were led as sheep to the slaughter." Over this horrid deed humanity must shed tears of commiseration, as long as the record of it shall remain.

Let not the reader suppose that I have presented him with a mere imaginary possibility of defence, on the part of the Moravians. This defence would have been an easy task. Our people did not go on that campaign with a view of fighting. There may have been some brave men among them; but they were far from being all such. For my part, I cannot suppose for a moment that any white man who can harbor a thought of using his arms for the killing of women and children, in any case, can be a brave man. No! He is a murderer.

The history of the Moravian settlements, on the Muskingum, and the peculiar circumstances of their inhabitants during the revolutionary contest between Great Britain and America, deserve a place here.

In the year 1772, the Moravian villages were commenced by emigrations from Friedenshutten on the Big Beaver, and from Wyalusing and Sheshequon on the Susquehanna. In a short time they rose to considerable extent and prosperity, containing upwards of 400 people. During the summer of Dunmore's war, they were much annoyed by war parties of the Indians, and disturbed by perpetual rumors of the ill intentions of the white people of the frontier settlements towards them; yet their labors, schools and religious exercise went on without interruption.

In the revolutionary war, which began in 1775, the situation of the Moravian settlements was truly deplorable. The English had associated with their own means of warfare against the Americans, the "Scalping knife and tomahawk" of the merciless Indians. These allies of England committed the most horrid depredations along the whole extent of our defenceless frontier. From ear-

ly in the spring until late in the fall, the early settlers of the western parts of Virginia and Pennsylvania, had to submit to the severest hardships and privations. Cooped up in little stockade forts, they worked their little fields in parties under arms, guarded by sentinels, and were doomed from day to day to witness or hear reports of the murder or captivity of their people, the burning of their houses, and the plunder of their property.

The war with the English fleets and armies, on the other side of the mountains, was of such a character as to engage the whole attention and resources of our government, so that, poor as the first settlers of this country were, they had to bear the whole burden of the war during the revolutionary contest. They chose their own officers, furnished their own means, and conducted the war in their own way. Thus circumstanced, "they became a law unto themselves" and, on certain occasions, perpetrated acts which government were compelled to disapprove. This lawless temper of our people was never fully dissipated until the conclusion of the whiskey rebellion in 1794.

The Moravian villages were situated between the settlements of the whites and the towns of the warriors, about 60 miles from the former, and not much farther from the latter. On this account they were denominated "the half way houses of the warriors." Thus placed between two rival powers, engaged in furious warfare, the preservation of their neutrality was no easy task, perhaps impossible. If it requires the same physical force to preserve a neutral station among belligerent nations, that it does to prosecute a war, as is unquestionably the case, this pacific people had no chance for the preservation of theirs. The very goodness of their hearts, their aversion to the shedding of human blood, bro't them into difficulties with both parties. When they sent their runners to Fort Pitt, to inform us of the approach of the war parties, or received, fed, secreted and sent home prisoners, who had made their escape from the savages, they made breaches of neutrality, as to the belligerent Indians. Their furnishing the warriors with

a resting place, and provisions was contrary to their neutral engagements to us; but their local situation rendered those accommodations to the warriors unavoidable on their part; as the warriors possessed both the will and the means to compel them to give them whatever they wanted from them.

The peaceful Indians, first fell under suspicion with the Indian warriors, and the English commandant at Detroit, to whom it was reported that their teachers were in close confederacy with the American Congress, for preventing, not only their own people, but also the Delawares and some other nations from associating their arms with those of the British, for carrying on the war against the American colonies.

The frequent failures of the war expeditions of the Indians was attributed to the Moravians, who often sent runners to fort Pitt to give notice of their approach.—This charge against them was certainly not without foundation. In the spring of the 1781 the war chief of the Delawares fully apprized the Missionaries and their followers of their danger both from the whites and Indians, and requested them to remove to a place of safety from both. This request was not complied with. The almost prophetic predictions of this chief were literally fulfilled.

In the fall of the year 1781, the settlements of the Moravians were broken up by upwards of three hundred warriors, the missionaries taken prisoners, after being robbed of almost every thing. The Indians left to shift for themselves in the barren plains of Sandusky, where most of their horses and cattle perished from famine during the winter. The missionaries were taken prisoners to Detroit; but after an examination by the governor, permitted to return to their beloved people again.

In the latter part of February, a party of almost one hundred and fifty of the Moravian Indians returned to the deserted villages on the Muskingum, to procure corn to keep their families and cattle from starving. These, to the amount of 96, fell into the hands of Williamson and his party, and were murdered.

The causes which led to the murder of the Moravians are now to be detailed.

The pressure of the Indian war along the whole of the western frontier, for several years preceding the event under consideration, had been dreadfully severe. From early in the spring, until the commencement of winter, from day to day murders were committed in every direction, by the Indians. The people lived in forts, which were in the highest degree uncomfortable. The men were harrassed continually with the duties of going on scouts and campaigns. There was scarcely a family of the first settlers, who did not at some time or other, lose more or less of their number by the merciless Indians. Their cattle were killed, their cabins burned, and their horses carried off. These losses were severely felt by a people so poor as we were at that time.—Thus circumstanced, our people were exasperated to madness by the extent and severity of the war. The unavailing endeavors of the American Congress to prevent the Indians from taking up the hatchet against either side in the revolutionary contest, contributed much to increase the general indignation against them, at the same time those pacific endeavors of our government, divided the Indians amongst themselves, on the question of war or peace with the whites. The Moravians, part of the Delawares, and some others, faithfully endeavored to preserve peace; but in vain. The Indian maxim was, "He that is not for us, is against us." Hence the Moravian missionaries and their followers were several times on the point of being murdered by the warriors. This would have been done, had it not been for the prudent conduct of some of the war chiefs.

On the other hand, the local situation of the Moravian villages excited the jealousy of the white people. If they took no direct agency in the war, yet they were, as they were then called, "Half way houses" between us and the warriors, at which the latter could stop, rest, and refresh themselves, and traffic off their plunder.—Whether these aids, thus given to our enemies, were contrary to the laws of neutrality between belligerents,

is a question which I willingly leave to the decision of civilians. On the part of the Moravians they were unavoidable. If they did not give or sell provisions to the warriors, they would take them by force. The fault was in their situation, not in themselves.

The longer the war continued, the more our people complained of the situation of these Moravian villages. It was said, that it was owing to their being so near us, that the warriors commenced their depredations so early in the spring, and continued them until so late in the fall.

In the latter end of the year 1781, the militia of the frontier came to the determination to break up the Moravian villages on the Muskingum. For this purpose a detachment of our men went out under the command of Col. David Williamson,* for the purpose of inducing the Indians with their teachers to move farther off, or bring them prisoners to Fort Pitt. When they arrived at the villages, they found but few Indians, the greater number of them having removed to Sandusky. These few were well treated, taken to Fort Pitt, and delivered to the commandant of that station, who after a short detention, sent them home again.

This procedure gave great offence to the people of the country, who thought that the Indians ought to have been killed. Col. Williamson, who before this little campaign, had been a very popular man, on account of his activity and bravery in war, now became the subject of severe animadversions on account of his lenity to the Moravian Indians.

In justice to the memory of Col. Williamson, we have to say, that although at that time very young, I was personally acquainted with him, and from my recollection of his conversation, I say with confidence that he

*The Rev. John Heckwelder, the historian of the Moravians, states that this campaign in the fall of 1781 was commanded by Captain Biggs. This was not the case, it was commanded by Col. David Williamson, the same who commanded the fatal campaign the succeeding spring.

was a brave man, but not cruel. He would meet an enemy in battle, and fight like a soldier; but not murder a prisoner. Had he possessed the authority of a superior officer in a regular army, I do not believe that a single Moravian Indian would have lost his life; but he possessed no such authority. He was only a militia officer, who could advise, but not command. His only fault was that of too easy a compliance with popular opinion and popular prejudice. On this account his memory has been loaded with unmerited reproach.

Several reports unfavorable to the Moravians had been in circulation for some time before the campaign against them. One was that the night after they were liberated at fort Pitt, they crossed the river and killed or made prisoners of a family of the name of Monteur. A family of Buffaloe Creek had been mostly killed in the summer or fall of 1781, and it was said by one of them, who, after being made prisoner, made his escape, that the leader of the party of Indians who did the mischief, was a Moravian. These, with other reports, of similar import served as a pretext for their destruction, altho' no doubt they were utterly false.

Should it be asked what sort of people composed the band of murderers of these unfortunate people? I answer—they were not miscreants or vagabonds; many of them were men of the first standing in the country. Many of them were men who had recently lost relatives by the hand of the savages, several of the latter class found articles which had been plundered from their own houses, or those of their relations, in the houses of the Moravians. One man it is said found the clothes of his wife and children, who had been murdered by the Indians but a few days before. They were still bloody; yet there was no unequivocal evidence that these people had any direct agency in the war. Whatever of our property was found with them, had been left by the warriors in exchange for the provisions which they took from them.

When attacked by our people, although they might have defended themselves, they did not. They never

fired a single shot. They were prisoners, and had been promised protection. Every dictate of justice and humanity required that their lives should be spared.—The complaint of their villages being "half way houses for the warriors" was at an end, as they had been removed to Sandusky the fall before. It was, therefore, an atrocious and unqualified murder. But by whom committed? By a majority of the campaign? For the honor of my country, I hope I may safely answer this question in the negative. It was one of those convulsions of the moral state of society, in which the voice of the justice and humanity of a majority is silenced by the clamour and violence of a lawless minority. Very few of our men imbrued their hands in the blood of the Moravians. Even those who had not voted for saving their lives, retired from the scene of slaughter with horror and disgust. Why then did they not give their votes in their favor? The fear of public indignation restrained them from doing so. They thought well; but had not heroism enough to express their opinion.—Those who did so, deserve honorable mention for their intrepidity. So far as it may hereafter be in my power, this honor shall be done them. While the names of the murderers shall not stain the pages of history, from my pen at least.

CHAPTER XV.

Containing accounts of Western warfare.

"Where the grim Savage desolations spread,
And drench'd in gore his execrable hand;
Where prowling wolves late wandered o'er the dead,
And re-possessed the desolated land.

There beauteous villages, and cheerful farms,
Now varigate the far extended plain;
And the swain, secure from future harms,
Delighted, views his fields, and waving grain."

Never, since time began its race, was there an alteration, so general, so vast, and so important as that which has been effected in this western country, since the times, and scenes referred to in this chapter transpired. Then this country was a wilderness, now it is a fruitful field. Then it was the abode of wild beasts, and savages, more fierce than they; now, it is the dwelling place of civilization, comfort, and refinement. Then, with the single exception, of the little band of holy brotherhood, who were so inhumanly murdered, as recorded in the last chapter, there were none, who had reared temples, or erected altars, for the worship of *Jehovah*: none, who either read, or were governed, by the precepts of the Holy Bible; now, not only have villages sprung up, and rugged nature been subdued, but temples have been erected to the worship of JEHOVAH, the word of eternal truth has been scattered, and regarded, and the "wilderness has been made to blossom as the rose."

The howl of the Savage has ceased to alarm us; the dread of the tomahawk, and the scalping knife is no longer felt; but we can all enjoy repose, and feel security at night; and peacefully, and securely, persevere our useful, and profitable avocations by day.

The change is so great, that none can conceive it but

those who have witnessed it. The face of nature wears so different an aspect now, from what it then wore, that astonishment, wonder, and gratitude fill our bosoms, while we survey the scene, and record the facts.

The passage of a boat from Fort Pitt, down the Ohio, was then, a matter of danger, and peril, of labor, and privation; and astonishment filled the mind, at the daring, which such an enterprise evinced. But now, Fort Pitt is transformed into an important commercial and manufacturing city; *the grand emporium of the West*—the port whence arrive and depart, in constant succession, many of the most splendid steamers, and the Ohio, is now daily agitated, with boats of all descriptions, bearing on its bosom, millions of merchandise, and all descending, and ascending in perfect security.

In the autumn of 1779, a number of keel boats were ascending the Ohio under the command of Maj. Rodgers, and had advanced as far as the mouth of Licking without accident. Here, however, they observed a few Indians, standing upon the southern extremity of a sandbar, while a canoe, rowed by three others, was in the act of putting off from the Kentucky shore, as if for the purpose of taking them aboard. Rodgers instantly ordered the boats to be made fast on the Kentucky shore, while the crew, to the number of seventy men, well armed, cautiously advanced in such a manner as to encircle the spot where the enemy had been seen to land.

Only five or six Indians had been seen, and no one dreamed of encountering more than fifteen or twenty enemies. When Rodgers, however, had, as he supposed, completely surrounded the enemy, and was preparing to rush upon them, from several quarters at once, he was thunderstruck at beholding several hundred savages suddenly spring up in front, rear, and upon both flanks! They instantly poured in a close discharge of rifles, and then throwing down their guns, fell upon the survivors with the tomahawk!

The panic was complete, and the slaughter prodigious. Major Rodgers, together, with forty-five others of his men, were almost instantly destroyed. The survivors

made an effort to regain their boats, but the five men who had been left in charge of them, had immediately put off from shore in the hindmost boat, and the enemy had already gained possession of the others. Disappointed in the attempt, they turned furiously upon the enemy, and aided by the approach of darkness, forced their way through their lines, and with the loss of several severely wounded, at length effected their escape to Harrodsburgh.

Among the wounded was Captain Robert Benham.—Shortly after breaking through the enemy's line, he was shot through both hips, and the bones being shattered, he instantly fell to the ground. Fortunately, a large tree had lately fallen near the spot where he lay, and with great pain he dragged himself into the top, and lay concealed among the branches. The Indians, eager in pursuit of the others, passed him without notice, and by midnight all was quiet. On the following day, the Indians returned to the battle ground, in order to strip the dead and take care of the boats. Benham, although in danger of famishing, permitted them to pass without making known his condition, very correctly supposing that his crippled legs, would only induce them to tomahawk him upon the spot, in order to avoid the trouble of carrying him to their town. He lay close, therefore, until the evening of the second day, when he perceived a raccoon descending a tree, near him, he shot it, hoping to devise some means of reaching it, when he could kindle a fire and make a meal.

Scarcely had his gun cracked, however, when he heard a human cry, apparently not more than fifty yards off. Supposing it to be an Indian, he hastily reloaded his gun, and remained silent, expecting the approach of an enemy. Presently the same voice was heard again, but much nearer. Still Benham made no reply, but cocked his gun and sat ready to fire as soon as an object appeared. A third holloo was quickly heard, followed by an exclamation of impatience and distress, which convinced Benham that the unknown must be a Kentuckian. As soon, therefore, as he heard the ex-

pression "whoever you are—for God's sake answer me!" —he replied with readiness, and the parties were soon together. Benham, as we have already observed, was shot through both legs!—the man who now appeared, had escaped from the same battle, *with both arms broken!* Thus each was enabled to supply what the other wanted. Benham having the perfect use of his arms, could load his gun and kill game, with great readidess, while his friend having the use of his legs, could kick the game to the spot where Benham sat, who was thus enabled to cook it. When no wood was near them, his companion would rake up brush with his feet, and gradually roll it within reach of Benham's hands, who constantly fed his companion, and dressed *his* wounds, as well as his own—tearing up both of their shirts for that purpose. They found some difficulty in procuring water, at first—but Benham at length took his own hat, and placing the rim between the teeth of his companion, directed him to wade into the Licking, up to his neck, and dip the hat into the water (by sinking his own head.) The man who could walk, was thus enabled to bring water, by means of his teeth, which Benham could afterwards dispose of as was necessary.

In a few days, they had killed all the sqirrels and birds within reach, and the man with the broken arms, was sent out to drive game within gun shot of the spot to which Benham was confined. Fortunately, wild turkeys were abundant in those woods, and his companion would walk around, and drive them towards Benham, who seldom failed to kill two or three of each flock.—In this manner, they supported themselves for several weeks, until their wounds had healed so as to enable them to travel. They then shifted their quarters, and put up a small shed at the mouth of Licking, where they encamped until late in November, anxiously expecting the arrival of some boat, which should convey them to the falls of Chio.

On the 27th of November, they observed a flat boat moving leisurely down the river. Benham instantly hoisted his hat upon a stick and hallooed loudly for help.

The crew, however, supposing them to be Indians—at least suspecting them of an intention to decoy them ashore, paid no attention to their signals of distress, but instantly put over to the opposite side of the river, and manning every oar, endeavored to pass them as rapidly as possible. Benham beheld them pass him with a sensation bordering on despair, for the place was much frequented by Indians, and the approach of winter threatened them with destruction, unless speedily relieved.

At length, after the boat had passed him nearly half a mile, he saw a canoe put off from its stern, and cautiously approach the Kentucky shore, evidently reconnoitering them with great suspicion. He called loudly upon them for assistance, mentioned his name and made known his condition. After a long parley, and many evidences of reluctance on the part of the crew, the canoe at length touched the shore, and Benham and his friend were taken on board. Their appearance excited much suspicion. They were almost entirely naked, and their faces were garnished with six weeks growth of beard. The one was hardly able to hobble upon crutches, and the other could manage to feed himself with one of his hands. They were instantly taken to Louisville, where their clothes (which had been carried off in the boat which deserted them) were restored to them, and after a few weeks confinement, both were perfectly restored.

Benham afterwards served in the northwest throughout the whole of the Indian war—accompanied the expeditions of Harmer and Wilkinson, shared in the disaster of St. Clair, and afterwards in the triumph of Wayne. Upon the return of peace, he bought the land upon which Rodgers had been defeated, and ended his days in tranquility, amid the scenes which had witnessed his sufferings.

Early in the spring of 1780, Mr. Alexander M'Connel, of Lexington, Ky. went into the woods on foot, to hunt deer. He soon killed a large buck, and returned home for a horse, in order to bring it in. During his absence, a party of five Indians, on one of their usual

skulking expeditions, accidentally stumbled on the body of the deer, and perceiving that it had been recently killed, they naturally supposed that the hunter would speedily return to secure the flesh. Three of them, therefore, took their stations within close rifle shot of the deer, while the other two followed the trail of the hunter, and waylaid the path by which he was expected to return.

McConnel, expecting no danger, rode carelessly along the path, which the two scouts were watching, until he had come in view of the deer, when he was fired upon by the whole party, and his horse killed. While laboring to extricate himself from the dying animal, he was seized by his enemies, instantly overpowered, and borne off as a prisoner. His captors, however, seemed to be a merry, good natured set of fellows, and permitted him to accompany them unbound—and what was rather extraordinary, allowed him to retain his gun and hunting accoutrements. He accompanied them with great apparent cheerfulness through the day, and displayed his dexterity in shooting deer for the use of the company, until they began to regard him with great partiality.—Having travelled with them in this manner for several days, they at length reached the banks of the Ohio river. Heretofore the Indians had taken the precaution to bind him at night, although not very securely; but on that evening, he remonstrated with them on the subject, and complained so strongly of the pain which the cords gave him, that they merely wrapped the buffalo rug loosely around his wrists, and having tied it in an easy knot, and attached the extremities of the rope to their own bodies, in order to prevent his moving without awakening them, they very composedly went to sleep, leaving the prisoner to follow their example or not, as he pleased.

McConnel determined to effect his escape that night, if possible, as on the following morning they would cross the river, which would render it much more difficult.—He, therefore, lay quietly until near midnight, anxiously ruminating upon the best means of effecting his object.

Accidentally casting his eyes in the direction of his feet, they fell upon the glittering blade of a knife, which had escaped its sheath, and was now lying near the feet of one of the Indians. To reach it with his hands, without disturbing the two Indians, to whom he was fastened was impossible, and it was very hazardous to attempt to draw it up with his feet. This, however, he attempted.

With much difficulty he grasped the blade between his toes, and after repeated and long continued efforts, succeeded at length in bringing it within reach of his hands. To cut his cords was then but the work of a moment, and gradually and silently extricating his person from the arms of the Indians, he walked to the fire and sat down. He saw that his work was but half done. That if he should attempt to return home without destroying his enemies, he would assuredly be pursued, and probably overtaken, when his fate would be certain.—On the other hand, it seemed almost impossible for a single man to succeed in a conflict with five Indians, even although unarmed and asleep. He could not hope to deal a blow with his knife so silently and fatally, as to destroy one of his enemies in turn, without awakening the rest. Their slumbers were proverbially light and restless—and if he failed with a single one, he must be instantly overpowered by the survivors. The knife, therefore, was out of the question.

After anxious reflection for a few minutes, he formed his plan. The guns of the Indians were stacked near the fire—their knives and tomahawks were in sheaths by their sides. The latter he dared not touch for fear of awakening the owners—but the former he carefully removed, with the exception of two, and hid them in the woods, where he knew the Indians would not readily find them. He then returned to the spot where the Indians were still sleeping, perfectly ignorant of the fate being prepared for them, and taking a gun in each hand, he rested the muzzles upon a log within six feet of his victims, and having taken deliberate aim at the head of

one, and the heart of another, he pulled both triggers at the same moment. Both shots were fatal.

At the report of their guns, the others sprung to their feet, and stared wildly around them. McConnel, who had run instantly to the spot where the other rifles were hid, hastily seized one of them and fired at two of his enemies who happened to stand in a line with each other. The nearest fell dead, being shot through the centre of the body: the second fell also, bellowing loudly, but quickly recovering, limped off into the woods as fast as possible. The fifth and only one who remained unhurt, darted off like a deer, with a yell which announced equal terror and astonishment. McConnel, not wishing to fight any more such battles, selected his own rifle from the stack, and made the best of his way to Lexington, where he arrived safely within two days.

Shortly afterwards, Mrs. Dunlap, of Fayette, who had been several months a prisoner amongst the Indians on Mad River, made her escape, and returned to Lexington. She reported that the survivor returned to his tribe with a lamentable tale. He related that they had taken a fine young hunter near Lexington, and had brought him safely as far as the Ohio;—that while encamped on the bank of the river, a large party of white men had fallen upon them in the night, and killed all his companions, together with the poor defenceless prisoner, who lay bound hand and foot, unable either to escape or resist!!

Early in May, 1781, McAfee's station, in the neighborhood of Harrodsburg, was alarmed. On the morning of the 9th, Samuel McAfee, accompanied by another man, left the fort in order to visit a small plantation in the neighborhood, and at the distance of 300 yards from the gate, they were fired upon by a party of Indians in ambush. The man who accompanied him instantly fell, and McAfee attempted to regain the fort. While running rapidly for that purpose, he found himself suddenly intercepted by an Indian, who, springing out of the canebrake, planted himself directly in his path. There was no time for compliments. Each glared upon the other

for an instant in silence, and both raising their guns at the same moment, pulled the triggers together. The Indian's rifle snapped, while McAfee's ball passed directly through his brain.

Having no time to reload his gun, he sprung over the body of his antagonist, and continued his flight to the fort. When within 100 yards of the gate, he was met by his two brothers, Robert and James, who, at the report of the guns, had hurried out to the assistance of their brother. Samuel hastily informed them of their danger, and exhorted them instantly to return. James readily complied, but Robert, deaf to all remonstrances, declared that he must have a view of the dead Indian. He ran on for that purpose, and having regaled himself with that spectacle, was hastily returning by the same path, when he saw five or six Indians between him and the fort, evidently bent upon taking him alive. All his activity and presence of mind were now put in request. He ran rapidly from tree to tree, endeavoring to turn their flank, and reach one of the gates, and after a variety of turns and doublings in the thick wood, he found himself pressed by only one Indian.

McAfee, hastily throwing himself behind a fence, turned upon his pursuer, and compelled him to take shelter behind a tree. Both stood still for a moment—McAfee having his gun cocked, and the sight fixed upon the tree, at the spot where he supposed the Indian would thrust out his head, in order to have a view of his antagonist. After waiting a few seconds he was gratified. The Indian slowly and cautiously exposed a part of his head, and began to elevate his rifle. As soon as a sufficient mark presented itself McAfee fired, and the Indian fell.

While turning, in order to continue his flight, he was fired on by a party of six, which compelled him again to tree. But scarcely had he done so, when, from the opposite quarter, he received the fire of three more enemies, which made the bark fly around him, and knocked up the dust about his feet. Thinking his post rather too hot for safety, he neglected all shelter, and ran di-

rectly for the fort, which, in defiance of all opposition, he reached in safety, to the inexpressible joy of his brothers, who had despaired of his return.

The Indians now opened a heavy fire upon the fort, in their usual manner; but finding every effort useless, they hastily decamped, without any loss beyond the two who had fallen by the hands of the brothers, and without having inflicted any upon the garrison. Within half an hour, Major McGary brought up a party from Harrodsburg at full gallop, and uniting with the garrison, pursued the enemy with all possible activity. They soon overtook them, and a sharp action ensued.

The Indians were routed in a few minutes, with the loss of six warriors left dead upon the ground, and many others wounded, who as usual were borne off. The pursuit was continued for several miles, but from the thickness of the woods, and the extreme activity and address of the enemy, was not effectual. McGary lost one man dead upon the spot, and another mortally wounded.

About the same time, Bryant's station was much harrassed by small parties of the enemy. This, as we have already remarked, was a frontier post, and generally received the brunt of Indian hostility. It had been settled in 1779 by four brothers from North Carolina, one of whom, William, had married a sister of Col. Daniel Boone. The Indians were constantly lurking in the neighborhood, waylaying the paths, stealing their horses, and butchering their cattle. It at length became necessary to hunt in parties of twenty or thirty men, so as to be able to meet and repel those attacks.

One afternoon, about the 20th of May, William Bryant, accompanied by twenty men, left the fort on a hunting expedition down the Elkhorn creek. They moved with caution, until they had passed all the points where ambuscades had generally been formed, when, seeing no enemy, they became more bold, and determined, in order to sweep a large extent of country, to divide their company into two parties. One of them, conducted by Bryant in person, was to descend the Elkhorn on its southern bank, flanking out largely, and occupying as

much ground as possible. The other, under the orders of James Hogan, a young farmer in good circumstances, was to move down in a parallel line upon the north bank. The two parties were to meet at night, and encamp together at the mouth of Cane run. Each punctually performed the first part of their plans.

Hogan, however, had travelled but a few hundred yards, when he heard a loud voice behind him exclaim, in very good English, "stop boys!" Hastily looking back, they saw several Indians on foot pursuing them as rapidly as possible. Without halting to count numbers, the party put spurs to their horses, and dashed through the woods at full speed, the Indians keeping close behind them, and at times gaining upon them. There was a led horse in company, which had been brought with them for the purpose of packing game. This was instantly abandoned, and fell into the hands of the Indians.

Several of them lost their hats in the eagerness of flight; but quickly getting into the open woods, they left their pursuers so far behind, that they had leisure to breathe, and enquire of each other whether it was worth while to kill their horses before they had ascertained the number of the enemy. They quickly determined to cross the creek, and await the approach of the Indians. If they found them superior to their own and Bryant's party united, they would immediately return to the fort —as, by continuing their march to the mouth of Cane run, they would bring a superior enemy upon their friends and endanger the lives of the whole party.

They accordingly crossed the creek, dismounted, and awaited the approach of the enemy. By this time it had become dark. The Indians were distinctly heard approaching the creek, upon the opposite side, and after a short halt, a solitary warrior descended the bank, and began to wade through the stream. Hogan waited until he had emerged from the gloom of the trees which grew upon the bank, and as soon as he had reached the middle of the stream, where the light was more distinct, he took deliberate aim and fired. A great splashing in

the water was heard, but presently all became quiet.—The pursuit was discontinued, and the party remounting their horses, returned home.

Anxious, however, to apprise Bryant's party of their danger, they left the fort before daylight on the ensuing morning, and rode rapidly down the creek, in the direction of the mouth of Cane. When within a few hundred yards of the spot where they supposed the encampment to be, they heard the report of many guns in quick succession. Supposing that Bryant had fallen in with a herd of buffalo, they quickened their march in order to take part in the sport. The morning was foggy, and the smoke of the guns lay so heavily upon the ground that they could see nothing until they had approached within twenty yards of the creek, when they suddenly found themselves within pistol shot of a party of Indians, very composely seated upon their packs, and preparing their pipes.

Both parties were much startled, but quickly recovering, they sheltered themselves as usual, and the action opened with great vivacity. The Indians maintained their ground for half an hour with some firmness, but being hard pressed in front, and turned in flank, they at length gave way, and being closely pursued, were ultimately routed, with considerable loss, which, however, could not be distinctly ascertained. Of Hogan's party, one man was killed on the spot, and three others wounded, none mortally.

It happened that Bryant's company had encamped at the mouth of Cane, as had been agreed upon, and were unable to account for Hogan's absence. That, about daylight, they had heard a bell at a distance, which they immediately recognized as the one belonging to the led horse which had accompanied Hogan's party, and which, as we have seen, had been abandoned to the enemy the evening before. Supposing their friends to be bewildered in the fog, and unable to find their camp, Bryant, accompanied by Grant, one of his men, mounted a horse and rode to the spot where the bell was still ringing.—They quickly fell into an ambuscade, and were fired up-

on. Bryant was mortally, and Grant severely wounded, the first being shot through the hip and both knees, the latter through the back.

Being both able to keep the saddle, however, they set spurs to their horses, and arrived at the station shortly after breakfast. The Indians, in the mean time, had fallen upon the encampment, and instantly dispersed it, and while preparing to regale themselves after their victory, were suddenly attacked, as we have seen, by Hogan. The timidity of Hogan's party, at the first appearance of the Indians, was the cause of the death of Bryant. The same men who fled so hastily in the evening, were able the next morning, by a little firmness, to vanquish the same party of Indians. Had they stood at first, an equal success would probably have attended them, and the life of their leader would have been preserved.

At the same time, a conflict very remarkable, took place in another part of the country. David Morgan, a relation of the celebrated General Daniel Morgan, had settled upon the Monongahela, during the earlier period of the revolutionary war, and at this time had ventured to occupy a cabin at the distance of several miles from any settlement. One morning, having sent his younger children to a field at a considerable distance from the house, he became uneasy about them, and repaired to the spot where they were working as usual, with a good rifle.

While sitting upon the fence, and giving some directions as to their work, he observed two Indians upon the other side of the field gazing earnestly upon the party. He instantly called to the children to make their escape, while he should attempt to cover their retreat. The odds were greatly against him, as in addition to other circumstances, he was nearly seventy years of age, and of course unable to contend with his enemies in running. The house was more than a mile distant, but the children, having two hundred yards the start, and being effectually covered by their father, were soon so far in front, that the Indians turned their attention entirely to

the old man. He ran for several hundred yards with an activity which astonished himself, but perceiving that he would be overtaken, long before he could reach his home, he fairly turned at bay, and prepared for a strenuous resistance.

The woods through which they were running, were very thin, and consisted almost entirely of small trees, behind which, it was difficult to obtain proper shelter.—When Morgan adopted the above resolution, he had just passed a large walnut, which stood like a patriarch among the saplings which surrounded it, and it became necessary to run back about ten steps in order to regain it. The Indians became startled at the sudden advance of the fugitive, and were compelled to halt among a cluster of saplings, where they anxiously strove to shelter themselves. This, however, was impossible, and Morgan, who was an excellent marksman, saw enough of the person of one of them to justify him in risking a shot. His enemy instantly fell mortally wounded.

The other Indian, taking advantage of Morgan's empty gun, sprung from his shelter and advanced rapidly upon him. The old man, having no time to reload his gun, was compelled to fly a second time. The Indian gained rapidly upon him, and when within twenty steps, fired, but with so unsteady an aim, that Morgan was totally unhurt, the ball having passed over his shoulder. He now again stood at bay, clubbing his rifle for a blow, while the Indian, dropping his empty gun, brandished his tomahawk, and prepared to throw it at his enemy. Morgan struck with the butt of his gun, and the Indian whirled his tomahawk at one and the same moment.—Both blows took effect—and both were at once wounded and disarmed. The breech of the rifle was broken against the Indian's skull, and the edge of the tomahawk was shattered against the barrel of the rifle, having first cut off two of the fingers of Morgan's left hand. The Indian then attempting to draw his knife, Morgan grappled him, and bore him to the ground. A furious struggle ensued, in which the old man's strength failed, and the Indian succeeded in turning him.

Planting his knee in the breast of his enemy, and yelling loudly, as is usual with them upon any turn of fortune, he again felt for his knife, in order to terminate the struggle at once—but having lately stolen a woman's apron, and tied it around his waist, his knife was so much confined that he had great difficulty in finding the handle. Morgan, in the mean time, being a regular pugillist, according to the custom of Virginia, and perfectly at home in a ground struggle, took advantage of the awkwardness of the Indian, and got one of the fingers of his right hand between his teeth. The Indian tugged and roared in vain, struggling to extricate it. Morgan held him fast, and began to assist him in hunting for the knife. Each seized it at the same moment, the Indian by the blade, and Morgan by the handle, but with a very slight hold. The Indian having the firmest hold, began to draw the knife further out of its sheath, when Morgan suddenly giving his finger a furious bite, twitched the knife dexterously through his hand, cutting it severely.

Both now sprung to their feet, Morgan brandishing his adversary's knife, and still holding his finger between his teeth. In vain the poor Indian struggled to get away—rearing, plunging and bolting like an unbroken colt. The teeth of the white man were like a vice, and he at length succeeded in giving him a stab in the side. The Indian received it without falling, the knife having struck his ribs; but a second blow, aimed at the stomach, proved more effectual, and the savage fell. Morgan thrust the knife, handle and all, into the cavity of the body, directed it upward, and starting to his feet, made the best of his way home.

The neighborhood was quickly alarmed, and hurrying to the spot where the struggle had taken place, they found the first Indian where he had fallen, but the second had disappeared. A broad trail of blood, however, conducted to a fallen tree top, within one hundred yards of the spot, into which the poor fellow had dragged himself, and where he now lay bleeding, but still alive. He had plucked the knife from his wound, and

was endeavoring to dress it with the stolen apron, which had cost him his life, when his enemies approached.

The love of life appeared still strong within him, however. He greeted them with what was intended for an insinuating smile, held out his hand, and exclaimed in broken English, "how de do, broder! how de do! glad to see you!" But poor fellow, the love was all on his side. Their brotherhood extended only to tomahawking, scalping and skinning him, all of which operations were performed within a few minutes after the meeting. To such an extent had mutual injury inflamed both parties.

About the middle of July, 1782, seven Wyandotts crossed the Ohio, a few miles above Wheeling, and committed great depredations upon the southern shore, killing an old man whom they found alone in his cabin, and spreading terror throughout the neighborhood. Within a few hours after their retreat, eight men assembled from different parts of the small settlement, and pursued the enemy with great expedition. Among the most active and efficient of the party were two brothers, Adam and Andrew Poe. Adam was particularly popular. In strength, action and hardihood he had no equal—being finely formed, and inured to all the perils and dangers of the woods.

They had not followed the trail far, before they became satisfied that the depredators were conducted by Big Foot, a renowned chief of the Wyandott tribe, who derived his name from the immense size of his feet.—His height considerably exceeded six feet, and his strength was represented as Herculean. He had also five brothers, but little inferior to himself in size and courage, and as they generally went in company, they were the terror of the whole country. Adam Poe was overjoyed at the idea of measuring his strength with that of so celebrated a chief, and urged the pursuit with a keenness which quickly brought him into the vicinity of the enemy.

For the last few miles, the trail had led them up the southern bank of the Ohio, where the footprints in the

sand were deep and obvious, but when within a few hundred yards of the point at which the whites as well as the Indians were in the habit of crossing, it suddenly diverged from the stream, and stretched along a rocky ridge, forming an obtuse angle with its former direction. Here Adam halted for a moment, and directed his brother and the other young men to follow the trail with proper caution, while he himself still adhered to the river path, which led through clusters of willows directly to the point where he supposed the enemy to lie. Having examined the priming of his gun, he crept cautiously through the bushes, until he had a view of the point of embarcation. Here lay two canoes, empty and apparently deserted.

Being satisfied, however, that the Indians were close at hand, he relaxed nothing of his vigilance, and quickly gained a jutting cliff, which hung immediately over the canoes. Hearing a low murmur below, he peeped cautiously over, and beheld the object of his search.—The gigantic Big Foot lay below him in the shade of a willow, and was talking in a low deep tone to another warrior, who seemed a mere pigmy by his side. Adam cautiously drew back and cocked his gun. The mark was fair—the distance did not exceed twenty feet, and his aim was unerring. Raising his rifle slowly and cautiously, he took a steady aim at Big Foot's breast, and drew the trigger. His gun flashed. Both Indians sprung to their feet with a deep interjection of surprise, and for a single second all three stared upon each other. This inactivity, however, was soon over. Adam was too much hampered by the bushes to retreat, and setting his life upon a cast of the die, he sprung over the bush which had sheltered him, and summoning all his powers, leaped boldly down the precipice, and alighted upon the breast of Big Foot, with a shock which bore him to the earth.

At the moment of contact, Adam had also thrown his right arm around the neck of the smaller Indian, so that all three came to the earth together. At that moment a sharp firing was heard among the bushes above, an-

nouncing that the parties were engaged, but the trio below were too busy to attend to any thing but themselves. Big Foot was for an instant stunned by the violence of the shock, and Adam was enabled to keep them both down. But the exertion necessary for that purpose was so great, that he had no leisure to use his knife. Big Foot quickly recovered, and without attempting to rise, wrapped his long arms around Adam's body, and pressed him to his breast with the crushing force of a Boa Constrictor! Adam, as we have already remarked, was a powerful man, and had seldom encountered his equal, but never had he yet felt an embrace like that of Big Foot. He instantly relaxed his hold of the smaller Indian, who sprung to his feet. Big Foot then ordered him to run for his tomahawk, which lay within ten steps, and kill the white man, while he held him in his arms. Adam, seeing his danger, struggled manfully to extricate himself from the folds of the giant, but in vain.—The lesser Indian approached with his uplifted tomahawk, but Adam watched him closely, and as he was about to strike, gave him a kick so sudden and violent, as to knock the tomahawk from his hand, and send him staggering into the water.

Big Foot uttered an exclamation in a tone of deep contempt at the failure of his companion, and raising his voice to its highest pitch, thundered out several words in the Indian tongue, which Adam could not understand, but supposed to be a direction for a second attack. The lesser Indian now again approached, carefully shunning Adam's heels, and making many motions with his tomahawk, in order to deceive him as to the point where the blow would fall. This lasted for several seconds, until a thundering exclamation from Big Foot compelled his companion to strike. Such was Adam's dexterity and vigilance, however, that he managed to receive the tomahawk in a glancing direction upon his left wrist, wounding him deeply, but not disabling him. He now made a sudden and desperate effort to free himself from the arms of the giant, and succeeded. Instantly snatching up a rifle, (for the Indian could not venture to shoot

for fear of hurting his companion,) he shot the lesser Indian through the body.

But scarcely had he done so when Big Foot arose, and placing one hand upon his collar and the other upon his hip, pitched him ten feet into the air, as he himself would have pitched a child. Adam fell upon his back at the edge of the water, but before his antagonist could spring upon him, he was again upon his feet, and stung with rage at the idea of being handled so easily, he attacked his gigantic antagonist with a fury which for a time compensated for inferiority of strength.

It was now a fair fist fight between them, for in the hurry of the struggle neither had time to draw their knives. Adam's superior activity and experience as a pugilist, gave him great advantage. The Indian struck awkwardly, and finding himself rapidly dropping to leeward, he closed with his antagonist, and again hurled him to the ground. They quickly rolled into the river, and the struggle continued with unabated fury, each attempting to drown the other. The Indian being unused to such violent exertion, and having been much injured by the first shock in his stomach, was unable to exert the same powers which had given him such a decided superiority at first; and Adam seizing him by the scalp lock, put his head under water, and held it there, until the faint struggles of the Indian induced him to believe that he was drowned, when he relaxed his hold and attempted to draw his knife. The Indian, however, to use Adam's own expression, "had only been *possuming!*" He instantly regained his feet, and in his turn put his adversary under. In the struggle, both were carried out into the current, beyond their depth, and each was compelled to swim for his life. There was still one loaded rifle upon the shore, and each swam hard in order to reach it, but the Indian proved the most expert swimmer, and Adam seeing that he should be too late, turned and swam out into the stream, intending to dive and thus frustrate his enemy's intention.—At this instant, Andrew, having heard that his brother was alone in a struggle with two Indians, and in great

danger, ran up hastily to the edge of the bank above, in order to assist him. Another white man followed him closely, and seeing Adam in the river, covered with blood, and swimming rapidly from shore, mistook him for an Indian and fired upon him, wounding him dangerously in the shoulder. Adam turned, and seeing his brother, called loudly upon him to "shoot the big Indian upon the shore." Andrew's gun, however, was empty, having just been discharged. Fortunately, Big Foot had also seized the gun with which Adam had shot the lesser Indian, so that both were upon an equality. The contest now was who should load first. Big Foot poured in his powder first, and drawing his ramrod out of its sheath in too great a hurry, threw it into the river, and while he ran to recover it, Andrew gained an advantage.

Still the Indian was but a second too late, for his gun was at his shoulder when Andrew's ball entered his breast. The gun dropped from his hands and he fell forward upon his face upon the very margin of the river. Andrew, now alarmed for his brother, who was scarcely able to swim, threw down his gun and rushed into the river in order to bring him ashore—but Adam, more intent upon securing the scalp of Big Foot as a trophy, than upon his own safety, called loudly upon his brother to leave him alone and scalp the big Indian, who was now endeavoring to roll himself into the water, from a romantic desire, peculiar to the Indian warrior, of securing his scalp from the enemy. Andrew, however, refused to obey, and insisted upon saving the living, before attending to the dead. Big Foot, in the mean time, had succeeded in reaching the deep water before he expired, and his body was borne off by the current, without being stripped of the ornament and pride of an Indian warrior.

Not a man of the Indians had escaped. Five of Big Foot's brothers, the flower of the Wyandott nation, had accompanied him in the expedition, and all perished.—It is said that the news of this calamity, threw the whole tribe into mourning. Their remarkable size,

their courage, and their superior intelligence, gave them immense influence, which, greatly to their credit, was generally exerted on the side of humanity. Their powerful interposition, had saved many prisoners from the stake, and had given a milder character to the warfare of the Indians in that part of the country. A chief of the same name was alive in that part of the country so late as 1792, but whether a brother or son of Big Foot, is not known. Adam Poe recovered of his wounds, and lived many years after his memorable conflict; but never forgot the tremendous "hug" which he sustained in the arms of Big Foot.

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CHAPTER XVI.

Western warfare with the Indians, continued. Accounts of Col. Thomas Marshall and family—Capt. James Ward, &c. &c.

In the year 1785, many boats came down the Ohio with families, landed at Maysville and continued their route by land to such parts of the country as best pleased them. Out of the numerous incidents which befel those pioneers of Western settlements we have selected the following:—

Col. Thomas Marshall, formerly commander of the third Virginia regiment on continental establishment, and subsequently holding the same rank in the Virginia artillery, embarked with a numerous family on board of a flat bottomed boat, and descending the Ohio without any incident worthy of notice, until he had passed the mouth of Kenawha. Here, about ten o'clock at night, he was hailed from the northern shore, by a man who spoke good English, and quickly announced himself as James Girty. The boat dropped slowly down within one hundred and fifty yards of the shore, and Girty making a corresponding movements on the beach, the conference was kept up for several minutes.

He began by mentioning his name, and enquiring

that of the master of the boat. Having been satisfied upon this head, he assured him that he knew him well, respected him highly, &c. &c., and concluded with some rather extraordinary remarks. "He had been posted there, he said, by the order of his brother Simon, to warn all boats of the danger of permitting themselves to be decoyed ashore. The Indians had become jealous of him, and he had lost that influence which he formerly held amongst them. He deeply regretted the injury which he had inflicted upon his countrymen, and wished to be restored to their society.

In order to convince them of the sincerity of his regard, he had directed him to warn all boats of the snares spread for them. Every effort would be made to draw passengers ashore. White men would appear on the bank—and children would be heard to supplicate for mercy.—But, continued he, do you keep the middle of the river, and steel your heart against every mournful application which you may receive." The Colonel thanked him for his intelligence, and continued his course.

From this it would appear, that Girty's situation was by no means enviable. The superior intelligence which had first given him influence, gradually attracted envy. Combinations were probably formed against him, as they are in civilized life, against every man who is guilty of the unpardonable offence of mounting rapidly above his fellows. Ambition, jealousy, intrigue, combinations for particular objects, prevail as strongly among savages as among civilized beings, and spring in each from the same source—a tender, passionate, inordinate love of self—a passion the most universal, deeply rooted, and infinitely diversified in its operations, of any in existence —a passion as strong and easily offended in the degraded Hottentot, as in the Emperor Napoleon, in the superannuated old woman, as in the blooming belle—the only human passion which age cannot tame, or misery extinguish, or experience cure, or philosophy expel; which flutters as strongly in the jaws of death, as in the vigor of life, and is as buoyant and ridiculous in the

breast of the philosopher, as in that of a village beauty. Nothing more was ever heard of Girty's wish to be restored to his station in society; but his warning, by whatever motive dictated, was of service to many families.

About the same time, Captain James Ward, at present a highly respectable citizen of Mason county, Ky., was descending the Ohio, under circumstances which rendered a rencontre with the Indians peculiarly to be dreaded. He, together with half a dozen others, one of them his nephew, embarked in a crazy boat, about forty-five feet long, and eight feet wide, with no other bulwark than a single pine plank, above each gunnel.—The boat was much encumbered with baggage, and seven horses were on board. Having seen no enemy for several days, they had become secure and careless, and permitted the boat to drift within fifty yards of the Ohio shore. Suddenly, several hundred Indians showed themselves on the bank, and running down boldly to the water's edge, opened a heavy fire upon the boat. The astonishment of the crew may be conceived. Captain Ward and his nephew were at the oars when the enemy appeared, and the captain knowing that their safety depended upon their ability to regain the middle of the river, kept his seat firmly, and exerted his utmost powers at the oar, but his nephew started up at sight of the enemy, seized his rifle and was in the act of levelling it, when he received a ball in the breast, and fell dead in the bottom of the boat. Unfortunately, his oar fell into the river, and the captain, having no one to pull against him, rather urged the boat nearer the hostile shore than otherwise. He quickly seized a plank, however, and giving his own oar to another of the crew, he took the station which his nephew had held, and unhurt by the shower of bullets which flew around him, continued to exert himself, until the boat had reached a more respectable distance.

He then, for the first time, looked around him in order to observe the condition of the crew. His nephew lay in his blood, perfectly lifeless—the horses had been

all killed or mortally wounded. Some had fallen overboard—others were struggling violently, and causing their frail bark to dip water so abundantly, as to excite the most serious apprehensions. But the crew presented the most singular spectacle. A captain, who had served with reputation in the continental army, seemed now totally bereft of his faculties. He lay upon his back in the bottom of the boat, with hands uplifted, and a countenance in which terror was personified, exclaiming in a tone of despair, "Oh Lord! Oh Lord!"

A Dutchman, whose weight might amount to about three hundred pounds, was anxiously engaged in endeavoring to find shelter for his bulky person, which, from the lowness of the gunnels, was a very difficult undertaking. In spite of his utmost efforts, a portion of his posterial luxuriance appeared above the gunnel, and afforded a mark to the enemy, which brought a constant shower of balls around it. In vain he shifted his position. The hump still appeared, and the balls still flew around it, until the Dutchman losing all patience, raised above the gunnel, and in a tone of querulous remonstrance, "oh now! quit tat tamned nonsense, tere—will you!"

Not a shot was fired from the boat. At one time, after they had partly regained the current, Capt. Ward attempted to bring his rifle to bear upon them, but so violent was the agitation of the boat, from the furious struggles of the horses, that he could not steady his piece within twenty yards of the enemy, and quickly laying it aside, returned to the oar. The Indians followed them down the river for more than an hour, but having no canoes, they did not attempt to board; and as the boat was at length transferred to the opposite side of the river, they at length abandoned the pursuit and disappeared. None of the crew, save the young man already mentioned, were hurt, although the Dutchman's seat of honor served as a target for the space of an hour, and the continental captain was deeply mortified at the sudden, and, as he said, "unaccountable" panic which had seized him. Captain Ward himself was protected

by a post, which had been fastened to the gunnel, and behind which he sat while rowing.

In the month of August, 1786, Mr. Francis Downing, then a mere lad, was living in a fort, where subsequently some iron works were erected by Mr. Jacob Myers, which are now known by the name of Slate Creek works, and are the property of Col. Thomas Dye Owings. About the 17th, a young man belonging to the fort, called upon Downing, and requested his assistance in hunting for a horse which had strayed away on the preceding evening. Downing readily complied, and the two friends traversed the woods in every direction, until at length, towards evening, they found themselves in a wild valley, at the distance of six or seven miles from the fort. Here Downing became alarmed, and repeatedly assured his elder companion, (whose name was Yates,) that he heard sticks cracking behind them, and was confident that the Indians were dogging them.—Yates, being an experienced hunter, and from habit grown indifferent to the dangers of the woods, diverted himself freely at the expense of his young companion, often enquiring, at what price he rated his scalp, and offering to ensure it for sixpence. Downing, however, was not so easily satisfied. He observed, that in whatever direction he turned, the same ominous sounds continued to haunt them, and as Yates still treated his fears with the most perfect indifference, he determined to take his measures upon his own responsibility. Gradually slackening his pace, he permitted Yates to advance twenty or thirty steps in front of him, and immediately after descending a gentle hill, he suddenly sprung aside and hid himself in a thick cluster of whortle-berry bushes. Yates, who at that time was performing some woodland ditty to the full extent of his lungs, was too much pleased with his own voice, to attend to either Downing or the Indians, and was quickly out of sight. Scarcely had he disappeared, when Downing, to his unspeakable terror, beheld two savages put aside the stalks of a canebrake, and look out cautiously in the direction which Yates had taken. Fearful that they had seen him step

aside, he determined to fire upon them, and trust to his heels for safety, but so unsteady was his hand, that in raising his gun to his shoulder, she went off before he had taken aim. He lost no time in following her example, and after having run fifty yards, he met Yates, who alarmed at the report, was hastily retracing his steps.—It was not necessary to enquire what was the matter.—The enemy were in full view, pressing forward with great rapidity, and "devil take the hindmost," was the order of the day. Yates would not outstrip Downing, but ran by his side, although in so doing he risked both of their lives.

The Indians were well acquainted with the country, and soon took a path that diverged from the one which the whites followed, at one point, and rejoined it at another, bearing the same relation to it, as the string does to the bow. The two paths were at no point, distant from each other more than one hundred yards, so that Yates and Downing could easily see the enemy gaining rapidly upon them. They reached the point of re-union first, however, and quickly came to a deep gully which it was necessary to cross, or retrace their steps. Yates cleared it without difficulty, but Downing being much exhausted, fell short, and falling with his breast against the opposite brink, rebounded with violence and fell at full length on the bottom. The Indians crossed the ditch a few yards below him, and eager for the capture of Yates, continued the pursuit, without appearing to notice Downing.

The latter, who at first had given himself up for lost, quickly recovered his strength, and began to walk slowly along the ditch, fearing to leave it lest the enemy should see him. As he advanced, however, the ditch became more shallow, until at length it ceased to protect him at all. Looking around cautiously, he saw one of the Indians apparently in quest of him. Unfortunately, he had neglected to reload his gun, while in the ditch, and as the Indian instantly advanced upon him, he had no resource but flight. Throwing away his gun which was now useless, he plied his legs manfully, in

ascending a long ridge which stretched before him, but the Indian gained on him so rapidly that he lost all hope of escape.

Coming at length to a large poplar which had been blown up by the roots, he ran along the body of the tree upon one side, while the Indian followed it upon the other, doubtless expecting to intercept him at the root.—But here the supreme dominion of fortune was manifested. It happened that a large she bear was suckling her cubs in a bed which she had made at the root of the tree, and as the Indian reached that point first, she instantly sprung upon him, and a prodigious uproar took place. The Indian yelled, and stabbed with his knife, the bear growled and saluted him with one of her most indearing "hugs;"—while Downing, fervently wishing her success, ran off through the woods, without waiting to see the event of the struggle. Downing reached the fort in safety, and found Yates reposing after a hot chace, having eluded his pursuers, and gained the fort two hours before him. On the next morning, they collected a party and returned to the poplar tree, but no traces either of the Indian or bear were to be found. They both probably escaped with their lives although not without injury.

CHAPTER XVII.

CONTINUATION OF WESTERN WARFARE.

The following Message from Congress to the Wyandott, Delaware, and Shawnese nations of Indians was sent in reply to a friendly manifestation made by them through the agency of Scotosh half king of the Wyandotts, on the 24th of July 1786:

By the United States, in Congress assembled.

(New York, July 24, 1786.)

Ordered that the following message be sent by Scotosh to the Wyandott, Delaware, and Shawnese nations of Indians:

Brothers:

The Wyandotts, Delawares, and Shawnese:

The United States are happy that our good brother the half king of the Wyandotts hath thought proper to send his son Scotosh to Congress, with a message full of friendship and love, and withal to inform Congress, that though matters are at peace and quiet, among the Wyandotts, Delawares and Shawanese, yet that there are bad men among the Wabash, Twightee and Miami nations, who may attempt to interrupt the Surveyors of the United States.

Brothers,

We thank you for your good advice and kind intention of abiding in peace with the United States.

Brothers,

We shall be sorry if any one of the Wabash, Twightee, or Miami nations, should so far lose sight of their own true interests as to strike the surveyors of the United States: but if they do, the warriors of the United States are strong, and will soon strike them in their towns, and make them repent of their folly: but Congress are willing to take the Wabash, Twightee, and Miami nations by the hand, as brothers, whenever they will come to Fort Pitt.

Brothers,

Congress will take care to keep the path plain and open, that our brothers of every nation of Indians may come to the Great Council of the United States, in order to make the chain of friendship strong and bright.

By order of Congress.

KNOX, Secretary.

Notwithstanding their friendly professions, expressed through their delegate, Scotosh, and the very friendly manner in which the American Congress received their professions, and answered them, yet we find the Delawares and Wyandotts, in the following September, committing many depredations. During this month, near the mouth of Buffalo creek, which is near the Monongahela and Cheat rivers, several of the family of Mr. Drago were murdered, and the remainder of them taken prisoners. Mr. D. escaped himself, being in the field pulling beans, but not without hearing the screams of his children. His wife was killed. Jacob Shayler's family, near the same place, were all either murdered or taken prisoners—not one of them was left to tell the tale of woe. And with these were also taken prisoners or murdered, John and William Ice, and a number of others. Mr. Drago, who, from his fortunate position, escaped their murderous hands, saw the savages and supposed them to number about fifteen.

Perhaps dreading the consequences of their conduct, and in order to show that they too were ill treated, some of the Chiefs were induced to write to the Superintendent of Indian Affairs, from Sandusky, as follows:—

Sandusky, October 28, 1786.

We, the chiefs of different nations, especially the Wyandotts, did inform you, by your people who went by here some time ago with cattle, that it was then quiet and peaceable with us; but since that time there has been some of your people at the Shawanese towns, and destroyed them, and likewise killed ten of the Shawanese, five of whom were principal chiefs, and took a number of women and children prisoners.

We the chiefs of different nations, was then, at that

time, gathering together from every quarter, in order to have a council concerning of settling affairs in the best and most peaceable manner between you and us.

We now acquaint you, since this affair has happened, that you keep, by all means, your people from coming this way, for or after any business; and likewise, you will inform the surveyors to halt, and not to survey any more at present, as we are going to have a great council, with all the nations, at the Wyandott towns. After our council is over we will give you notice concerning our late misfortune, and other affairs.

ABRAHAM COON,
MARRAYET HARE.

To Richard Butler, Esq.
Superintendent of Indian Affairs.

As might have been naturally expected from the above communication, the Indians in their turn committed depredations on the white settlements.

Between Laurel river and Racoon creek, in Kentucky, on the 3d of the same month, about 25 Indians rushed on a camp of travellers, killed 16 persons on the spot, and wounded several more, took five young women prisoners, and carried away all the horses, cattle and dry goods. A company of fifty men, well armed, went in pursuit of the savages.

On the 16th of January, 1787, a gentleman from Dansville, Kentucky, writes, "I am informed that the Indians have routed one Mr. Lengstretch, a surveyor, and his party, on Little Sandy, and killed one Richard Burke, a chain carrier. They lost all their instruments, &c. &c.

They have killed another man near Limestone, wounded others, and last Thursday took a girl prisoner near Stroud's.

A party of Kentuckians went against those Indians, and fell in with a camp at which they found fifteen, eight of whom they killed, the remainder escaped towards their towns, and the company returned about the 20th of February.

In the Pittsburgh Gazette of May 26, 1787, we have

the following account of the early operations of the Indians in the Spring of that year:—

"A gentleman who arrived here the 19th instant, from Lime Stone, which place he left the 1st of May, informs us, that seven warriors of the Shawanese nation had come in there, on the 27th of April, with nine white people, to exchange for the same number of Indian prisoners, taken by Colonel Logan. The chief of these savages (Captain Wolf) gave the gentleman to understand that 30 warriors of the Cherokee nation were then out at war. Our informant adds, that as he came up the river, he saw five bark canoes and three rafts cross the mouth of Scioto, full of Indians.

At the Mingo Bottom the gentleman saw a woman from Wheeling, by the name of Purdy, who informed him, that 14 of the inhabitants of that place and the settlement adjoining, had been killed and taken by the Indians, a short time before, and that the rest of the settlers were then forted."

On the 25th of April, a son of Gen. Scott was killed by the savages on the Kentucky river.

A number of Indians came to Pittsburgh on the 23d of June, and brought the result of the great council referred to above. They had one packet to be sent to Congress, and one to be sent to the superintendant of Indian affairs. That to the superintendant of Indian affairs contains an account of the treaty, held by 18 different nations or tribes of Indians in the Fall, the result of which was, they say that the treaties held between the Thirteen Fires, and some of their chiefs, at Fort M'Intosh and the Miami, were partial, and that the chiefs had no powers to grant to the Thirteen Fires, liberty to survey the land which was within their claim. They request a treaty may be held between them and the Thirteen Fires at some place more central, than those which have been held, that some measure be pointed out to render the peace between them and the Thirteen Fires permanent. They forbid any surveyors, or any others, for the present, to survey or lay off

land within their claim, which extends all along the Ohio.

The following is the speech delivered to Col. Logan, by Capt. Johnny, chief commander in the Shawanese nation, at Limestone, on Monday, August 20, 1787:

We have sent for Logan to let him know our opinion. He shall soon know our opinion from our very hearts. I heard your words by which I was informed not to be afraid to come in and exchange for my prisoners, I was not afraid, but our people are scattered so far apart that it took me a great deal of trouble, to which I made all the industry I could to get all the prisoners I could from our young brothers, for which I was two moons out at the Wabash towns, amongst the rest of our young brothers, which I found out their opinion. All those that had prisoners, said they would not give them up to their brothers the Big Knife, which was one half the town; those that had none, plead to take pity on the women and children, to give them up to get their prisoners from the white people. When I was there, I looked back where I lived, where our old town was, I looked to be alone, or like a man among children. I could by no means get prisoners from the others. I heard our brother's word and believed it, and meant to come in myself. All my town is for peace, the one half of the Picaway town, and the half of Chilicothe town, the half of Cespeco town also, and the half of Wacatomica, of which all say let us take pity on our women and children, and agree to make a peace with our brother the Big Knife, which our brother the Big Knife has always said was in our power, if we want peace we shall have peace, to which we are agreed, to come back to where our old town was burnt, and live like brothers. These other Indians that are for war, they will be always out on the Wabash, and we'll make a distinction between ourselves, to let our brother Big Knife know we are for real peace. Here will be five little towns of us that will be for peace, and will trade to our brother Big Knife, and use all industry we can to get as many prisoners as we can. Our women has talked to us to take pity on

them, and to make a peace that we may live in peace and plenty. When we heard their speech we took pity on them all that is now for peace. These others that are for war took no pity on their women and children. We want to let our women and children live in peace and plenty. Now we took it on ourselves to be as poor people, on account as the rest of our brothers would take no pity on us to get our prisoners, but we hope through time, we will be able to redeem them all; then we will live in peace and plenty like brothers. All our young chiefs are for peace. Of them other towns there is none but some wild young fellows that will be for war, we cannot do any thing with them.

Paper and time is scarce, for which I am in hopes of being excused.

COL. LOGAN'S ANSWER.

I now speak to the head warriors and chiefs of the Shawanese nation.

Friends and brothers,

I hope we have met here in peace,—and in the first place, to consider the tedious and bloody war we have been engaged in with each other. You may well remember, that ten years ago, we were all governed by one king, over the great waters. But it hath so happened, that our father the king, and the great men of Congress of the United States, commenced a war, and your father the king engaged you on his part, and the Congress engaged us on their part. And you and us living nearly in one country, it hath been our fortune to attack each other, and hath spilt much blood in our land, many of our people have fell into your hands, and some of your people have fell into our hands.

Brothers,

You, and all the red people may plainly see, when your father and all his force, together with all yours, could not conquer the Americans, that it will be in vain for you to continue a war yourselves alone. It is true you may kill a few old men and old women, in different parts of the country, but this will do you no service, but

harm; for we then can go to all the towns in your country, and destroy all your living.

Let us not think of those bloody designs any longer, let us live at peace, and prevent your old father the king from laughing at us, when we are fighting and destroying one another, and think he will get our country for his own people.

Brothers,

There is a great many designing men in this country, and some may encourage you to go to war, because they know if you do, that you will be drove out of the country, and then they can go and live where you do, and laugh how they have fooled you. When your country will lie waste, then the Americans will sell it, but if you will live at peace and keep possession of it, I expect the people of the United States of America, will not take it from you, so you can be a happy people, and live in your own land. As to the prisoners I am sorry you have not got the young prince, but he lives very well. Our desire is to have our prisoners, whose names we gave in to you, and after they are exchanged, they that have prisoners with you, must purchase them from you as they can. The names of those prisoners that we gave you, their people were at the taking of the prisoners from you, they shewed themselves like men and warriors, for that reason we gave them the preference. I have considered your request in returning the young Pickaway woman, and your getting the young prince, it appears to me it was their fortune to be both taken at one time, they were equal to me, and I, not knowing you wished one more than another, it has been her fortune to be brought here, now for me to send her back, and bring the young prince away from his mother, is giving me a great deal of trouble, and I think the great man above will not think it justice, and for that reason I cannot do it; but you may be assured your prince will be well treated, and he shall be delivered at the next exchange, and you need not be at any trouble, only send the prisoners to Limestone, where Mr. Jacob Boone will receive them, and send yours to you.

I am not authorized to treat any farther with you, only wish a friendly trade could be carried on between us. BENJAMIN LOGAN, Com.

Treaties were made and violated—compacts were entered into and abandoned, between the whites and the savages, during the years 1786, '7, '8, and '9, until one general feeling of their inutility began to prevail. Then Congress found it necessary to arm and equip force after force to meet the wiley foe. The generalship which the savages displayed, according to their mode of warfare, was astonishing. By stratagem and secresy, they often came upon the whites with inferior forces, and obtained a conquest over them. A vast number of boats were captured in descending the Ohio river, their crews and passengers were either all captured or murdered, a vast amount of merchandize was also taken possession of by the savages.

At the mouth of the Muskingum, at Limestone, was for several years the grand rendezvous of the Indians of various nations, who, from Sandusky, the Lakes, and from various points of the wilderness, came together at this place, for the purpose of intercepting the descending boats of the whites on the Ohio. Many were the murders which near this spot were committed, but which our space will not permit us to copy from the old records.

After many fruitless attempts at treaties, and many subterfuges of the Indians, who had frequently protested against the power or ability of the chiefs to enter into treaties with the United States, there was one concluded at Fort Harmar, on the 9th of January, 1789, by Gen. Arthur St. Clair, which we shall here insert, together with the proclamation of the great and good WASHINGTON.

BY THE PRESIDENT OF THE U. STATES OF AMERICA.

A PROCLAMATION.

Whereas, by virtue of powers given by the United States, in Congress assembled, to Arthur St. Clair, governor of the territory north-west of the Ohio, and commissioner plenipotentiary for treating with the Indian

nations in the northern department, a treaty was concluded at Fort Harmar, on the ninth day of January last past by the said Arthur St. Clair, on the part of the United States, with the sachems, chiefs and warriors of the Wyandot, Delaware, Ottawa, Chippawa, Pattiwatima and Sac nations.

And whereas I have, by and with the advice and consent of the Senate, in due form ratified the said treaty: Now therefore, to the end that the same may be observed and performed with good faith on the part of the United States. I have ordered the said treaty to be herewith published; and I do hereby enjoin and require all officers of the United States civil and military, and all other citizens and inhabitants thereof, faithfully to observe and fulfil the same.

GIVEN under my hand in the city of New York, this twenty ninth day of September, in the year of our Lord one thousand seven hundred and eighty nine, and in the thirteenth year of the sovereignty and independence of the United States.

G. WASHINGTON.

By command of the President of the
United States of America.
H. Knox,
Secretary for the Department of War.

GEORGE WASHINGTON, President of the United States of America.

To all to whom these presents shall come, Greeting:

WHEREAS a treaty between the United States, and the Wyandot, Delaware, Ottawa, Chippawa, Pattawatima and Sac nations of Indians, was in due form made and concluded at Fort Harmar, on the ninth day of January last past, by Arthur St. Clair, governor of the territory north west of the Ohio; who was duly authorized thereto by the said States on their part, and by the sachems and warriors of the said nations on their part—which treaty is in the form and words following, viz:

ARTICLES of a treaty made at Fort Harmar, between Arthur St. Clair, governor of the territory of the United States north west of the river Ohio, and Commissioner Plenipotentiary of the United States, for removing all causes of controversy, regulating trade, and settling boundaries, with the Indian nations in the northern department of the one part; and the sachems and warriors of the Wyandott, Delaware, Ottawa, Chippewa, Pattiwatima and Sac nations, on the other part.

Article 1. Whereas, the United States, in Congress assembled, did, by their commissioners, George Rogers Clark, Richard Butler, and Arthur Lee, Esquires, duly appointed for that purpose, at a treaty holden with the Wyandott, Delaware, Ottawa and Chippawa nations, at Fort M'Intosh, on the 21st day of January, in the year of our Lord 1785, conclude a peace with the Wyandotts, Delawares, Ottawas and Chippawas, and take them into their friendship and protection; and whereas, at the said treaty it was stipulated that all prisoners that had been made by their nations, or either of them, should be delivered up to the United States: and whereas, the said nations have now agreed to and with the aforesaid Arthur St. Clair, to renew and confirm all the engagements they had made with the United States of America, at the before mentioned treaty, except so far as are altered by these presents. And there are now in the possession of some individuals of these nations, certain prisoners, who have been taken by others not in peace with the said United States, or in violation of the treaties subsisting between the United States and them; the said nations agree to deliver up all the prisoners now in their hands, (by whatsoever means they may have come into their possession,) to the said Governor St. Clair, at Fort Harmar, or in his absence to the commanding officer there, as soon as conveniently may be: and for the true performance of this agreement they do now agree to deliver into his hands two persons of the Wyandott nation, to be retained in the hands of the United States

as hostages, until the said prisoners are restored; after which they shall be sent back to their nation.

Article 2. And whereas, at the before mentioned treaty, it was agreed between the Unitad States and said nations, that a boundary line should be fixed between the lands of those nations and the territory of the United States; which boundary is as follows, viz: Beginning at the mouth of Cuyahoga river, and running thence up the said river to the portage between that and the Tuscarawas branch of Muskingum, then down the said branch to the forks at the crossing place above Fort Lawrence, thence westerly to the portage on that branch of the Big Miami river which runs into the Ohio, (at the mouth of which branch the fort stood which was taken by the French in the year of our Lord 1752,) thence along the said portage to the Great Miami or Omie river, and down the south east side of the same to its mouth; thence along the southern shore of Lake Erie to the Cuyahoga, where it began. And the said Wyandott, Delaware, Ottawa and Chippawa nations, for and in consideration of the peace then granted to them by the said United States, and the presents they then received, as well as of a quantity of goods to the value of six thousand dollars, now delivered to them by the said Arthur St. Clair, (the receipt whereof they do hereby acknowledge,) do by these presents renew and confirm the said boundary line, to the end that the same remain as a division line between the lands of the United States of America, and the lands of said nations, forever. And the undersigned Indians do hereby, in their own names, and the names of their respective nations and tribes, their heirs and descendants, for the consideration above mentioned, release, quit claim, relinquish, and cede to the said United States, all the lands east, south and west of the lines above described, so far as the said Indians formerly claimed the same, for them the said U. States to have and to hold the same in true and absolute propriety forever.

Article 3. The United States of America do by these presents relinquish and quit claim to the said nations

respectively, all the lands lying between the limits above described, for them the said Indians to live and hunt upon, and otherwise to occupy as they shall see fit. But the said nations, or either of them, shall not be at liberty to sell or dispose of the same, or any part thereof, to any sovereign power, except the United States, nor to the subjects or citzens of the United States.

Article 4. It is agreed between the said United States and the said nations, that the individuals of the said nations shall be at liberty to hunt within the territory ceded to the United States, without hindrance or molestation, so long as they demean themselves peaceably, and offer no injury or annoyance to any of the subjects or citizens of the said United States.

Article 5. It is agreed that if any Indian or Indians of the nations above mentioned, shall commit a murder or robbery on any of the citizens of the U. States, the nation or tribe to which the offender belongs, on complaint being made, shall deliver up the person or persons complained of, at the nearest post of the United States, to the end that he or they may be tried, and if found guilty, punished according to the laws established in the territory of the United States north west of the river Ohio, for the punishment of such offences, if the same shall have been committed within the said territory; or according to the laws of the State where the offence may have been committed, if the same has happened in any of the United States. In like manner, if any subject or citizen of the United States shall commit murder or robbery on any Indian or Indians of the said nations, upon complaint being made thereof, he or they shall be arrested, tried and punished agreeable to the laws of the State or of the territory wherein the offence was committed; that nothing may interrupt the peace and harmony now established between the United States and said nations.

Article 6. And whereas, the practice of stealing horses has prevailed very much, to the great disquiet of the citizens of the United States, and if persistsd in, cannot fail to involve the United States of America and the In-

dians in endless animosity, it is agreed that it shall be put an entire stop to on both sides; nevertheless, should some individuals, in defiance of this agreement, and of the laws provided against such offences, continue to make depredations of that nature, the person convicted thereof shall be punished with the utmost severity the laws of the respective States, or Territory of the United States north west of the Ohio, where the offence may have been committed, will admit of; and all horses stolen, either by the Indians from the citizens or subjects of the United States, or by the citizens or subjects of the United States from any of the Indian nations, may be reclaimed, into whose possession soever they may have passed, and upon due proof shall be restored, any sales in market overt, notwithstanding. And the civil magistrates in the United States respectively, and in the territory of the United States north west of the Ohio, shall give all necessary protection to Indians claiming such stolen horses.

Article 7. Trade shall be opened with the said nations, and they do hereby respectively agree to afford protection to the persons and property of such as may be duly licensed to reside among them for the purposes of trade, and to their agents, factors and servants; but no person shall be permitted to reside at their towns, or at their hunting camps, as a trader, who is not furnished with a license for that purpose, under the hand and seal of the governor of the territory of the United States north west of the Ohio, for the time being, or under the hand and seal of one of his deputies for the management of Indian affairs, to the end that they may not be imposed upon in their traffic. And if any person or persons shall intrude themselves without such license, they promise to apprehend him or them, and to bring them to the said governor, or one of his deputies, for the purpose before mentioned, to be dealt with according to law; and that they may be defended against persons who might attempt to forge such licenses, they further engage to give information to the said governor, or one of his deputies, of the names of all traders residing

among them from time to time, and at least once in every year.

Article 8. Should any nation of Indians meditate a war against the United States, or either of them, and the same shall come to the knowledge of the before mentioned nations, or either of them, they do hereby engage to give immediate notice thereof to the governor, or in his absence to the officer commanding the troops of the United States at the nearest post. And should any nation with hostile intentions against the United States, or either of them, attempt to pass through their country, they will endeavor to prevent the same, and in like manner give information of such attempt to the said governor or commanding officer, as soon as possible, that all causes of mistrust and suspicion may be avoided between them and the United States: in like manner the United States shall give notice to the said Indian nations, of any harm that may be meditated against them, or either of them, that shall come to their knowledge, and do all in their power to hinder and prevent the same, that the friendship between them may be uninterrupted.

Article 9. If any person or persons, citizens or subjects of the United States, or any other person not being an Indian, shall presume to settle upon the lands confirmed to the said nations, he and they shall be out of the protection of the United States; and the said nation may punish him or them in such manner as they see fit.

Article 10. The United States renew the reservations heretofore made in the before mentioned treaty at Fort M'Intosh, for the establishment of trading posts in manner and form following, that is to say, six miles square at the mouth of the Miami or Omic river; six miles square at the portage upon the branch of the Miami which runs into the Ohio; six miles square upon the Lake Sandusky where the fort formerly stood, and two miles square upon each side of the lower rapids on Sandusky river: which posts, and the lands annexed to them, shall be for the use and under the government of the United States.

Article 11. The post at Detroit, with a district of land beginning at the mouth of the river Rosine, at the west end of Lake Erie, and running up the southern bank of said river six miles; thence northerly, and always six miles west of the strait, until it strikes the Lake St. Clair, shall be reserved for the use of the United States.

Article 12. In like manner the post at Michilimackinac, with its dependencies, and twelve miles square about the same, shall be reserved to the sole use of the United States.

Article 13. The United States of America do hereby renew and confirm the peace and friendship entered into with the said nations at the treaty before mentioned, held at Fort M'Intosh; and the said nations again acknowledge themselves, and all their tribes, to be under the protection of the said United States, and no other power whatever.

Article 14. The United States do also receive into their friendship and protection, the nations of the Pattiwatimas and Sacs; and do hereby establish a league of peace and amity between them respectively; and all the articles of this treaty, so far as they apply to these nations, are to be considered as made and concluded in all and every part expressly with them and each of them.

Article 15. And, whereas, in describing the boundary before mentioned, the words, if strictly construed, would carry it from the portage on that branch of the Miami, which runs into the Ohio, over to river Au Glaize; which was neither the intention of the Indians, nor the commissioners; it is hereby declared, that the line shall run from the said portage directly to the first branch of the Miami river, which is to the Southward and Eastward of the Miami village, thence down the main branch of the Miami river to the said village, and thence down the river to Lake Erie, and along the margin of the lake to the place of begining.

Done at Fort Harmar on the Muskingum, this 9th day of January, in the year of our Lord, one

thousand seven hundred and eighty-nine. In witness whereof, the parties have hereunto, interchangeably set their hands and seals.

			SEALS.
ARTHUR ST. CLAIR.		Pattiwatima, Konatikina,	x
In presence of		*Sacs.*	
Jos. Harmar, Lt. Col. Com. 1st U. S. Regt. and Brig. Gen. by Brevet.		Tapakee,	x
		Kesheyiva,	x
Richard Butler,		*Chippewas.*	
John Gibson,		Mesass,	x
Wm. McCurdy, Capt.		Paushquash,	x
E. Denny, Ensign, 1st U. S. Regt.		Pausicko,	x
		Naramakeak,	x
A. Hartshorn, Ensign,		Welenassa,	x
Robt. Thompson, Ensign, 1st U. S. Regt.		Soskene,	x
		Pewanakum,	x
Francis Luse, Ensign,		*Ottawas.*	
J. Williams, jr.		Wewishia,	x
William Wilson,		Neagey,	x
Joseph Nicholas,		*Pattiwatimas.*	
James Rinken.		Windigo,	x
		Wapashea,	x
		Nequea,	x
Delawares.			
Captain Pipe,	x	Cheyawe,	x
Wengenond,	x	Doueyenteat,	x
Pehelan,	x	Tarhe,	x
Tealaway,	x	Terhataw,	x
Wyandotts.	x	Datasay,	x
Teyandat 'On 'Tee	x	Mauderonk,	x
Skahamat.	x		

Be it remembered, That the Wyandott's have laid claim to the lands that were granted to the Shawanese, at the treaty held at the Miami, and have declared, that as the Shawanese have been so restless, and caused so much trouble, both to them and to the United States, if they will not now be at peace they will dispossess them, and take the country into their own hands; for that the

country is theirs of right, and that the Shawanese are only living upon it by their permission. They further lay claim to all the country west of the Miami boundary, from the village to Lake Erie, and declare that it is now under their management and direction.

SEPARATE ARTICLE.

Whereas, the Wyandotts have represented, That within the reservation from the river Rosine along the Strait, they have two villages from which they cannot, with any convenience, remove; it is agreed that they shall remain in possession of the same, and shall not be in any manner disturbed therein.

Now know ye, That I having seen and considered the said treaty, do, by and with the advice and consent of the Senate, accept, ratify, and confirm the same, and every article and clause thereof. In testimony whereof, I have caused the seal of the United States to be hereunto affixed, and signed the same with my hand.

(L. S.) Given at the City of New York, the twenty-ninth day of September, in the year of our Lord, one thousand seven hundred and eighty-nine, and in the thirteenth year of the sovereignty and independence of the United States.

G. WASHINGTON.

By command of the President of
the United States of America.

H. KNOX,
Secretary of the Department of War.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Depredations of the Indians on the Frontiers.

On the 19th December, 1791, as two men and three boys were fishing on Floyd's fork of Salt River, they were suddenly attacked by a party of Indians, who killed the two men and made prisoners of the boys. Soon

after they liberated one of the lads, first presenting him with a tomahawk, which they desired him to carry to his friends and inform them what had become of his companions.

About the 20th a party of Indians attacked the house of a Mr. Chenoweth, situated near the mouth of the Wabash. They killed and scalped two of his children and tomahawked and scalped his wife, whom they left for dead. Mr. C. (who had his arm broken by the fire of the savages) with the remainder of the family made their escape. A sick daughter who was confined to her chamber, and who, during the bloody affray, had been forgotten by her father, remained ignorant of the horrid massacre until the next day; when no one of the family coming to her assistance, she succeeded in crawling down stairs, where she was inexpressibly shocked at the sight of a beloved parent stretched upon the floor, almost lifeless, and at the side of whom lay the mangled bodies of her dear brothers. Fortunately, her unhappy father returned the succeeding day to the house, and conveyed the two surviving members of his family to the house of a friend, where they finally recovered.

On the 24th a party of Indians attacked the dwelling house of a Mr. John Merril, in Nelson county, Kentucky. Mr. Merril, who was first alarmed by the barking of his dog, hastened to the door to discover the cause; on opening of which he received the fire of the Indians which broke his right leg and arm. The Indians now attempted to enter the house, but were prevented by the door being immediately closed and secured by Mrs. Merril and her daughter. The Indians succeeded in hewing away a part of the door, through which passage one of them attempted to enter, but the heroic mother, in the midst of her screaming children and groaning husband, seized an axe and gave the ruffian a fatal blow; after which she hauled him through the passage into the house! The others unconscious of the fate of their companion, supposing that they had now nearly succeeded in their object, rushed forward; four of which

Mrs. Merril in like manner despatched before the others discovered their mistake. The remaining Indians, after retiring for a few moments, returned and renewed their efforts to enter the house. Despairing of success at the door they got on the top of the house and attempted to descend the chimney; to prevent which Mr. Merril directed his little son to empty upon the fire the contents of a feather-bed, which had the desired effect, as the smoke and heat caused thereby soon brought down, rather unexpectedly. two of the enemy. Mr. Merril, exerting every faculty at this critical moment, seized a billet of wood with which he soon despatched the two half smothered Indians, while in the mean time his heroic wife was busily engaged in defending the door against the efforts of the only remaining one, whom she so severely wounded with an axe that he was soon glad to retire.

A prisoner who escaped from the enemy soon after the transaction, informed that the wounded savage above mentioned was the only one that escaped of the party, which consisted of eight; that on his return being asked by the prisoner "what news," he answered, "bad news for poor Indian, me lose a son, me lose a brother; the squaws have taken the breech-clout and fight worse than the 'long knives!' "

COPY OF A LETTER FROM A GENTLEMAN RESIDING AT THE WESTWARD, TO A FRIEND IN NEW YORK, DATED

" Marietta, Feb. 1, 1792.

" Our prospects are much changed. Instead of peace and friendship with our Indian neighbors, a horrid savage war stares us in the face. The Indians instead of being humbled by the destruction of the Shawanese towns, and brought to beg for peace, appear determined on a general war, in which our settlements are already involved. On the evening of the 2d instant they fell on a settlement about forty miles up the Muskingum, surprised a block-house, killed fourteen persons and carried off three others. The persons killed are, John and Philip Stacy, sons of Col. William Stacy from

New-Salem; Ezra Putnam, son to Major Ezra Putnam, from Middleton, in Massachusetts; John Camp, from the same place; Jonathan Farewell, James Cash, and William Patton, from New Hampshire; Zebulon Throop, from Barre; William James, from Connecticut; Joseph Clark, from Rhode Island; a man by the name of Meeks, with his wife and children, from Virginia.—These were all killed in and at the block-house. Francis and Isaac Choat from Lancaster, and one Shaw, who kept at a hut about 50 rods from the block-house, was not found by the party that went out, and it is hoped that they are prisoners. What number of Indians were concerned in this mischief, or from what tribe, we know not; but from those Indians who till lately used to visit our settlements every day, withdrawing themselves entirely from our sight ever since the expedition against the Shawanese, there is little doubt but the Delawares and the Wyandotts, as well as others, have had a hand in this nefarious business.

"It is impossible for me to give a just idea of the distress into which this event has thrown the inhabitants, especially those of the out settlements. For my own part I have for some time been of opinion, that the spring would open with a general attack on the frontiers, in which event I did not expect we should escape, unless government should timely send troops for our protection, which we were in hopes would be the case.—But it seems the enemy are determined to take advantage of our defenceless situation. I consider this event as the forerunner of other attacks of a more serious nature, and which may involve us in complete ruin, unless prevented by government immediately taking measures for our protection. To their protection I conceive we always had an indisputable claim, which claim, if possible, is increased by the circumstances that have brought us under the resentment of the Indians, and at least, in some measure produced the mischief that we are fallen into.

COPY OF A LETTER FROM FORT WASHINGTON, DATED

April 20, 1792.

"On Tuesday morning the 6th inst., Major Adair, with 120 volunteers from Kentucky, having charge of a large number of pack-horses laden with provisions, destined for the advanced posts, was most daringly attacked by nearly an equal party of Indians, although under cover of fort St. Clair; notwithstanding which, and that our people fought desperately, the Indians drove them into the fort, and carried off all their provisions and horses, both pack and cavalry, save about twenty killed and four wounded, and stripped the camp of every thing, carrying the whole off with most audacious insult and triumph. But as soon as the party were re-supplied with ammunition from the garrison, they sallied forth near a quarter of a mile from the enemy; but too late to recover the booty which the Indians had made. The courage and daring spirit of these people were particularly conspicuous on this occasion, as they fought almost under the guns of the fort. Our loss was one captain and ten privates killed, and some wounded, besides horses and provisions, estimated at 15,000 dollars. Two of the enemy were found dead a short distance from the field of action. If these Indians had writers among them, what honorable testimony and eulogy might they not give of the noble spirit and heroic bravery, of the native American character, rather than depreciate it as the Europeans do. Two of our men have lately made their escape from the Miami villages and arrived here, who give account of a mock fight lately exhibited by the Indians assembled there, to divert the squaws and children. It was in ridicule of General St. Clair's disposition of his troops on the 4th of November last, and of his flight before the Indians, who pursued him and his army whilst the other plundered his camp. They have given out that they mean to celebrate this event annually by a like sham fight and a great dance, to be called General St. Clairs's fight and dance. It is to be hoped we yet shall have an op-

portunity to retaliate and to teach our enemy to amuse themselves at our expense in a less ludicrous manner. It seems that Gen. St. Clair's field of action was on a branch of the Wabash, twenty-four leagues from the Miami towns, which are now inhabited by the hostile Indians.

"A letter from a correspondent, on whose veracity we can rely, in the territory of the United States south of the Ohio, dated the 17th ult. states, that every thing wears a gloomy aspect on the western frontiers; that about the last of December the Cherokees sent in peace talkers to Governor Blount, which were only intended to facilitate the commission of further depredations by them, when the guards from the outposts were withdrawn; that from the 16th to the 26th of January, the Indians killed and wounded 19 persons in Cumberland, among whom was Edwin Shelby, brother to the Governor of Kentucky; that four of the Chickamogga towns, and the upper Creeks had declared war; that the Creeks have killed a family in the county of Georgia; that the barbarity exercised by them in this massacre was enough to make human nature shudder at the bare recital.—They butchered them like so many dogs, caught their blood and bowels, exposed them to view, and then gave them to a tame bear to devour; that the Cherokees had killed two Creeks, wounded several, and taken two prisoners; that the Creeks threaten to retaliate, and cut them all off; that the inhabitants of the territory are waiting with impatience for the general government to afford them succor and protection; that treaties with the savages will avail nothing, as what promises they make to-day, they will not hesitate to break to-morrow."

COPY OF A LETTER FROM MR. JOHN CORBLY, A BABTIST MINISTER, TO HIS FRIEND IN PHILADELPHIA, DATED

Muddy Creek, Penn. Sept. 1, 1792.

"Dear Sir,

"The following are the particulars of the destruction of my unfortunate family by the savages.—On the 10th May last, being my appointment to preach

at one of my meeting houses, about a mile from my dwelling house, I sat out with my loving wife and five children, for public worship. Not suspecting any danger, I walked behind a few rods, with my Bible in my hand meditating. As I was thus employed, on a sudden I was greatly alarmed by the shrieks of my dear family before me. I immediately ran to their relief with all possible speed, vainly hunting a club as I ran.—When within a few yards of them, my poor wife observing me, cried out to me to make my escape. At this instant an Indian ran up to shoot me. I had to strip, and by so doing out-ran him. My wife had an infant in her arms, which the Indians killed and scalped. After which they struck my wife several times, but not bringing her to the ground, the Indian who attempted to shoot me approached her and shot her through the body. After which they scalped her! My little son, about six years old, they despatched by sinking their hatchets in his brains! My little daughter, four years old, they in like manner tomahawked and scalped!—My eldest daughter attempted an escape by concealing herself in a hollow tree, about six rods from the fatal scene of action. Observing the Indians retiring as she supposed, she deliberately crept from the place of her concealment, when one of the Indians, who yet remained on the ground, espying her, ran up to her, and with his tomahawk knocked down and scalped her. But, blessed be GOD, she yet survives, as does her little sister whom the savages in the like manner tomahawked and scalped. They are mangled to a shocking degree, but the doctors think there are some hopes of their recovery.

"When I supposed the Indians gone, I returned to see what had become of my unfortunate family, whom, alas, I found in the situation above described. No one, my dear friend, can form a true conception of my feelings at this moment. A view of a scene so shocking to humanity quite overcome me. I fainted, and was, unconsciously, borne off by a friend who at that instant arrived to my relief.

"Thus, dear sir, have I given you a faithful though

a short narrative of the fatal catastrophe; amidst which my life is spared, but for what purpose the Great JEHOVAH best knows. Oh, may I spend it to the praise and glory of His grace, who worketh all things after the counsel of his own will. The government of the world and the church is in his hands. I conclude with wishing you every blessing, and subscribe myself your affectionate though afflicted friend, and unworthy brother in the gospel ministry. "JOHN CORBLY."

On the 27th September, 1792, as five gentlemen, (Messrs. Jacobus Taller, Isaac Arnold, James Stewart, Daniel Barclay, and Isaac Van Alstyne,) were on their way to Detroit, at a place called the Burdle on Lake Erie, they were suddenly attacked by four Mahegon or Delaware Indians, armed with muskets and tomahawks, who fired on them and killed Mr. Taller and Mr. Barclay dead on the spot, and wounded Mr. Arnold. They then rushed on with their tomahawks. One attacked Mr. Arnold, who, after a smart struggle, in which he received several wounds in his head, disengaged himself, and having a musket at the instant presented him by Mr. Stewart, snapped it at the Indian, who immediately, with the three others fled to the woods. As soon as they had disappeared, Mr. Arnold and his companions hastened to the shore of the lake, in which they launched their batteau, but when about thirty rods from the shore, they were hailed by Mr. Van Alstyne, who during the bloody contest had secreted himself in the bushes. He begged of his companions to return and take him on board, on which Mr. Arnold requested him to proceed a few rods down the lake to a point of land, where he could more conveniently take him in. Mr. Van Alstyne, it was supposed, misunderstanding his friend, proceeded directly up the lake, to the very spot where the Indians were then assembled, who with their tomahawks instantly despatched him; after which they followed the two survivors, in an old canoe, two or three miles down the lake, but being unable to overtake them they discontinued the pursuit.

COPY OF A LETTER FROM A GENTLEMAN IN MARIETTA, TO HIS FRIEND IN WASHINGTON, DATED

Marietta, March 4, 1793.

About eight weeks since, two brothers, by the name of Johnson, one 12, the other 9 years old, were playing on the western bank of Short Creek, about twelve miles from Wheeling, skipping stones on the water. At a distance they discovered two men, who appeared to be settlers, being dressed with coats and hats. These men, to amuse and deceive the children, (as the event showed,) engaged in the same sport, advancing towards the boys, till by degrees they got so near that the children discovered them to be Indians; but it was then too late to make their escape. The Indians seized and carried them six miles into the woods, where they made a fire, and took up their lodgings for the night; their rifles and their tomahawks they rested against a tree, and then laid down, each Indian with a boy on his arm. The children, as may be supposed, kept awake—the eldest began to move, and finding his Indian sound asleep, by degrees disengaged himself, and went to the fire, which had then got low, and stirred it up: the Indian not awaking, he whispered to his brother, who likewise crept away, and both of them went to the fire. The oldest boy then observed to his brother, "I think we can kill these Indians, and get away from them"—the youngest agreed to the proposal of attempting it. The oldest then took one of the rifles, and placed the muzzle, which he rested on a small stick that he found for that purpose, close to the head of one of the Indians, and committing this part of the business to his brother, ordered him to pull the trigger at the moment he saw him strike the other Indian with one of the tomohawks. The oldest gave the signal; the youngest pulled the trigger—the rifle shot away the lower part of the Indian's face, and left him senseless; he then told his brother to lay on, for he had done for his; after which he snatched up the gun and ran; the boy with the tomahawk gave the stroke with the wrong end; the Indian started on his

seat—the boy found the mistake, and turning the tomahawk in his hand, gave him another blow, which brought him to the ground; he then repeated his strokes until he had despatched him, and then made the best of his way after his brother. When the boys had found the path which they had recollected to have travelled before, the oldest fixed his hat on a bush, as a directory to find the scene of action the next day. The tomahawked Indian was found near the place where the boys had left him. The other was not there, but was tracked by his blood, and although so weakened by his wounds that he could not raise his rifle to fire at his pursuers, (the whites,) they suffered him to escape; but it is supposed he must have died of his wounds. These two Indians were sent out to reconnoitre the best place for an attack, which was to have been made by a body of warriors, waiting in the neighborhood.

Copy of a letter from an officer in the service of the United States, to his friend in New York, dated

"Buffaloe Creek, Sept. 27, 1793.

"I left Fort Franklin the 3d instant, and arrived here on the 11th in the evening, at the house of Mr. Winney, who informs me that upwards of 4000 hostile Indians were now assembled at the Miami villages, and that their number was daily increasing. Captain Powel and several other gentlemen of the British army dined with me yesterday, and from their conversation I am perfectly convinced that the Indians are supported by the British in the war against us. Indeed, Captain Powel told me that all the intentions of the Indians were well known to them, and the Indians were their allies, and of course they must support them. He then informed me that ten scouts of hostile Indians were then out to strike on the frontiers, and that they would soon strike the Six Nations. Some of the chiefs of the hostile Indians passed here about five days ago on their way to Canada, but what their business is I cannot learn."

CHAPTER XIX.

DEFEAT OF THE INDIANS BY GENERAL WAYNE, AUGUST 20, 1794.

General Wayne to the Secretary of War.

Sir—It is with infinite pleasure that I announce to you the brilliant success of the federal army under my command, in a general action with the combined force of the hostile Indians, and a considerable number of the volunteers and militia of Detroit, on the 20th of August, on the banks of the Miamies, in the vicinity of the British post and garrison at the foot of the Rapids.

The army advanced from Fort Washington on the 15th, and arrived at Roach De Bout on the 18th, and on the 19th we were employed in making a temporary post for the reception of our stores and baggage, and in reconnoitering the position of the enemy, who were encamped behind a thick bushy wood and the British fort.

At 8 o'clock on the morning of the 20th, the army again advanced in columns agreeably to the standing order of the march, the legion on the right, its right flank covered by the Miamies—one brigade of mounted volunteers on the left, under Brigadier General Todd, and the other in the rear under Brigadier General Barbee. A select battalion of mounted volunteers moved in front of the legion, commanded by Major Price, who was directed to keep sufficiently advanced, and to give timely notice for the troops to form in case of action, it being yet undetermined whether the Indians would decide for peace or war.

After advancing about five miles, Major Price's corps received so severe a fire from the enemy, who were secreted in the woods and high grass, as to compel them to retreat.

The legion was immediately formed in two lines, principally in a close thick wood which extended for miles on our left, and for a very considerable distance in front, the ground being covered with old fallen timber, proba-

bly occasioned by a tornado, which rendered it impracticable for the cavalry to act with effect, and afforded the enemy the most favorable covert for their mode of savage warfare; the savages were formed in three lines, within supporting distance of each other, and extended for near two miles at right angles with the river. I soon discovered from the weight of the fire and extent of their lines, that the enemy were in full force in front, in possession of their favorite ground, and endeavoring to turn our left flank; I therefore gave orders for the second line to advance to support the first, and directed Major General Scott to gain and turn the right flank of the savages, with the whole of the mounted volunteers, by a circuitous route; at the same time I ordered the front line to advance and charge with trailed arms, and rouse the Indians from their coverts at the point of the bayonet, and when up to deliver a close and well directed fire on their backs, followed by a brisk charge so as not to give them time to load again, or to form their lines.

I also ordered Capt. M. Campbell, who commanded the legionary cavalry, to turn the left flank of the enemy next the river, and which afforded a favorable field for that corps to act in. All these orders were obeyed with spirit and promptitude; but such was the impetuosity of the charge by the first line of infantry, that the Indians and Canadian militia were driven from all their coverts in so short a time, that although every possible exertion was used by the officers of the second line of the legion, and by Generals Scott, Wood, and Barbee, of the mounted volunteers, to gain their proper position, but part of each could get up in time to participate in the action, the enemy being driven in the course of one hour more than two miles, through the thick wood already mentioned, by less than one half of their number.

From every account the enemy amounted to two thousand combatants: the troops that actually engaged them were short of nine hundred. This horde of savages, with their allies, abandoned themselves to flight, and dispersed with terror and dismay, leaving the victorious

army in quiet possession of the field of battle, which terminated under the influence of the guns of the British garrison.

Lieutenant Covington, upon whom the command of the cavalry devolved, (Capt. Campbell being killed,) cut down two savages with his own hand, and Lieutenant Webb one, in turning the enemy's left flank.

The wounds received by Captains Slough, Prior, Van Rensalaer, and Rowluir, and Lieutenants M'Kenny and Smith, bear honorable testimony of their bravery and conduct; in fact every officer and soldier who had an opportunity to come into action, displayed the true bravery which will always insure success. And here permit me to declare, that I have never discovered more true spirit and anxiety for action than appeared to pervade the whole of the mounted volunteers; and I am well persuaded that had the enemy maintained their favorite ground for one half hour longer, they would have most severely felt the prowess of that corps.

But whilst I pay this just tribute to the living, I must not neglect the gallant dead, among whom we have to lament the early death of those worthy and brave officers, Capt. Campbell and Lieut. Towles, who fell in the first charge.

The loss of the enemy was more than double to that of the federal army—the woods were strewed for a considerable distance with dead bodies of Indians and their white auxiliaries, the latter armed with British muskets and bayonets. We remained three days and nights on the banks of the Miamies, in front of the field of battle, during which time all the houses and cornfields were consumed and destroyed for a considerable distance above and below the garrison, among which were the houses, stores and property of Col. M'Kee, the British Indian agent and principal stimulator of the war now existing between the United States and the savages.

The army returned to head quarters on the 27th, by easy marches, laying waste the villages and cornfields for about fifty miles on each side of the Miamies. It is not improbable but that the enemy may make one des-

perate effort against the army, as it is said a reinforcement was hourly expected at Fort Miamies from Niagara, as well as numerous tribes of Indians living on the margins and islands of the lakes. This is an event rather to be wished for than dreaded. Whilst the army remains in force, their numbers will only tend to confuse the savages, and the victory will be the more complete and decisive, and which may eventually insure a permanent and happy peace.

The following is a return of the killed, wounded and missing of the federal army, in the late action, to wit:—

Killed—1 Captain, 1 Lieutenant, 3 Sergeants, 28 privates—total 33.

Wounded 4 Captains, 2 Lieutenants, 1 Ensign, 4 Sergeants, 3 Corporals, 2 Musicians, 84 Privates—total 100.

I have the honor to be,

Your most humble and obedient servant,

ANTHONY WAYNE.

To the Secretary of War.

The following circumstances which took place previous to, and during General Wayne's engagement, are worthy of record.

At the instant Capt. Campbell was attempting to turn the left flank of the enemy, three of them plunged into the river. Two friendly negroes being on the opposite side, and observing the Indians making for the shore, they placed themselves on the bank behind a log, and as soon as the Indians approached within shot, one of the negroes fired and killed one of the Indians; the other two got hold of him to drag him out, when the other negro fired and killed another. The remaining Indian got hold of both the dead to pull them ashore, when the negro who killed the first having again reloaded, fired and killed the third, and they all floated down the river.

Another circumstance is also related, viz: A soldier soon after the conclusion of the action, proceeding some distance from the camp, met an Indian; they attacked each other, the soldier with his bayonet, and the Indian with his tomahawk. Some of the soldiers passing by

that way two days after, found them both dead, the soldier with his bayonet in the body of the Indian, and the Indian with his tomahawk in the soldier's head.

The following circumstances took place previous to the action: A Mr. Wells, who, when very young, was taken prisoner by the Indians, and had resided several years among them, had made his escape, and was employed by Gen. Wayne as a spy. The day before the action he was taken by the Indians, who determined to put him to death. Finding it impossible to escape, he informed them that Gen. Wayne had not 500 men under his command, and did not expect an attack. On hearing this, the Indians attacked Gen. Wayne with a confidence inspired by their supposed superiority of numbers, and were repulsed as before mentioned. After the action, Major Campbell, in whose custody the Indians had left Wells, inquired his motives for deceiving them; he answered, "for the good of my country." For this heroic action he was unfeelingly delivered to the Indians, in whose hands it is supposed he experienced every torture that savage barbarity could invent or inflict.—The circumstances respecting Mr. Wells were related by a British drummer, who deserted from the fort to Gen. Wayne.

A council of Indians was held a few days after their defeat by Gen. Wayne, in which British agents endeavored to persuade them to risk another action; but this they refused to do, expressing a willingness to bury the bloody hatchet and return to their homes. Their loss they declared to be 200, and that their whole force at the commencement of the action amounted to 1500 Indians and 80 Canadians. The body of the collector of Niagara was found among the slain.

The victory which was achieved by General Wayne, was infinitely important to this western country. By the total defeat which the savages here experienced, they were so entirely dispirited, that they could not be again induced to enter the field; but they professed their readiness to bury the tomahawk, and retire from the contest. By means of this victory, a general war with

the Six Nations, and all the tribes north west of the Ohio, was prevented; peace was once more enjoyed, throughout the length and breadth of the land. And with the return of peace, there was the return of all those blessings which generally flow from it.

The country now began to populate in a most astonishingly rapid manner. Agricultural pursuits, which had to this period been greatly retarded, now began to engage the attention, and repay the labor of the husbandman. New States have since that period risen and grown as by magic. Ohio was admitted as a sister State, among the noble constellation, in the year 1802. But little took place to disturb her repose, until the war of 1812. Then the Indians, who had long been jealous of the power and growth of the whites, were induced once more to unbury the bloody hatchet, and to assist the British. But again, by the wisdom and courage of William Henry Harrison, and the valiant men who fought under him, they were soon made to feel the superior force of American discipline and valor. With the powerful British to assist them, they were unable to make any sensible impression upon our arms. The intrepid Harrison, who had acted as *Aid-de-camp* to the gallant Wayne, in the memorable battle of the 20th of August, 1794, on the Maumee, now, with a spirit of bravery and decision worthy of all praise, enlisted all his energies, and went against the combined forces of the British and Indians. His noble defence of Fort Meigs, upon the Maumee; and the celebrated battles of Tippecanoe and the Thames, again produced a change, and inspired the frontiers with confidence. But little, since that period, in this part of our happy country, has taken place to interrupt the prosperity, or destroy the harmony which so happily exists.

THE END.

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